THE

LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE

MAGAZINE,

FOR MAY, 1808.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

The Twenty-First Number.

RIGHT HON. LORD GRENVILLE.

AMIDST all the noise and bustle arising from the jarring interests of contending parties, it is interesting to analyse the conduct of the respective leaders, to trace them from the embrio statesmen in their first leading strings, and thus in gradual succession, through all their mazes and tortuous windings, until they soar aloft the wonder of admiring crowds, each in his turn the *Phœnix* and the *Phaëton* of the day.

In pursuance of this plan, we now call the attention of our readers, to the subject of our present biography, who, noble by birth, has, through political influence, though a younger branch, been himself called to the Peerage; and who, both as Peer and Commoner, has been an active sharer in all the busy scenes of the last thirty years.

The Grenville and Temple Families, whose blood is united in Lord Grenville and his Brothers, are two of the oldest in the kingdom, the first claiming a descent from the Dukes of Normandy, the latter from the Saxon Earls of Mercia.

The present representatives of these Families are among the richest subjects of the empire, and possess a most powerful Parliamentary interest, not only in the county of Bucks, but also in the boroughs of Buckingham, Aylesbury, St. Albans, and St. Mawes; and to this they add much Court influence, from the numerous places, held by themselves and their immediate connections.

William Windham Grenville, Baron Grenville of Wotton, in the county of Bucks, is second brother to the present Marquis of Buckingham, and third son of the late Right Hon. George Grenville.

He was born in the year 1759, and gratified his friends, with early symptoms, of his future powers; whilst applying himself with the most sedulous attention to his juvenile studies, he displayed the strongest proofs of a clear judgment and vigorous capacity. When little more than of age, he came into Parliament for the town of Buckingham, and stood forward in opposition to the *North* Administration; and in 1782, the Shelburne Party came into power, when Earl Temple was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in the room of the Duke of Portland, and Mr. Grenville received the appointment of Secretary, which had been held by Colonel Fitzpatrick.

In this situation he did not remain long, as in 1783, we find Earl Temple superseded by Lord Northington, who selected Mr. Windham as his Secretary; when Mr. Grenville returned to England and to his parliamentary duty at St. Stephen's.

In the short interval, between the close of the American war, and the commencement of the French revolution, Mr. Grenville took an active part on every great question, generally as the friend and partizan of Mr. Pitt, but on all occasions vindicating his conduct, from the aspersions of the opposition, upon broad constitutional principles. When Mr. Pitt brought forward his well remembered motion respecting the unaudited accounts, we find him opposing Mr. Sheridan's *amendments* with the keenest sarcasms, representing them as designed to defeat the objects of the address, and expressing his full conviction, that the public would see them in the same light.

In his opposition to Fox's India Bill, he was manly, luminous, and energetic, rivalling even the Premier himself in the closeness of his reasoning, and the brilliancy of his expression; he considered the bill as an attack on the most solemn charters, affirmed and confirmed by the sacred faith of Parliament, and boldly asserted that there was at the bottom some deep, some latent, some dreadful purpose, of which this was the political forerunner. On the great question of parliamentary reform, Mr. Grenville lost much of his popularity, from his animated opposition to the measure in general, declaring, at the same time, that it was his wish that it might be *put to sleep for ever*; but even his enemies allowed, that a manly and decided part, though at the risk of his popularity, was infinitely more honourable to him, than the sidewinded opposition of some others, whose sincerity was very justly called in question.

The act for regulating Elections had immortalized his father's memory, but some modifications of that act, became necessary from unforeseen circumstances; yet such was the respect of the House for the act itself, that no one ventured to propose an alteration, until Mr. Grenville himself stepped forward, declaring, that although he entertained for it every prejudice which could animate the heart of man, and would not with unhallowed hand, touch its principle, or demolish any of its valuable provisions, yet still he should propose regulations, which he hoped would be found salutary, without entrenching in the smallest degree on its constitutional basis.

Mr. Grenville had now, for some time, held the office of Paymaster to the Forces, and was on all occasions of public business, or of party question, an efficient member of the ministry, but with the general esteem of all parties for his openness and candour. In his defence of the Rohilla war, as connected with Hastings, he displayed an extensive knowledge of the laws of nations, and of our Indian Polity, insisting that the war was both just and political; and maintaining the broad position, that it was matter of policy to strengthen a frontier, as well as that in all questions of war, between independent nations, the conqueror would not think himself bound to measure his redress, or precautions, *merely* by the aggression, or to proportion his gain to the injury he had sustained.

Nothing material occurred until the 2d of January 1789, when the House of Commons were informed of the death of Mr. Cornwall, the Speaker; on this occasion Lord Euston addressed the House in behalf of Mr. Grenville, saying, that when they considered his excellent understanding, and unremitting industry, he trusted they would consider him as completely worthy of their confidence. He expatiated much on his parliamentary knowledge, strength of mind and constitution, rendering him in every way unexceptionable for their choice as Speaker. This was seconded by Mr. Pulteney, but Sir Gilbert Elliott being nominated in opposition to him, Lord Euston's motion was carried by a great majority.

The violent contests at this time in both houses, had divided the whole nation into two parties, each we may say equally violent; it was therefore necessary that the Speaker should be a man of strong mind, of quick decision, but conciliatory firmness, and we must indeed confess that the hopes of the true friends to the country were completely realized.

On the 2d Feb. 1789, at the first opening of the sessions, a debate took place, after a conference with the House of Lords, respecting a lamented incapacity in one branch of the legislature; Mr. Pitt having moved an adjournment, Mr. Speaker Grenville begged, before he put the question, for the attention of the house, on a subject referring to his peculiar situation. At the beginning of a Parliament, he said, it was usual for the Speaker to be introduced to the Sovereign, to claim the rights and privileges of the House, as for liberty of debate, &c.; and that when a new Speaker was chosen in the middle of a parliament, he did not advance to claim the privileges of the House, but merely begged indulgence for what he himself might say. The present circumstances did not seem to warrant either of these modes, and he felt it necessary to have the express commands of the

House what conduct he should pursue; but in failure of that he should govern himself entirely by the precedents of the revolution. Mr. Pitt observed that it seemed to be the general opinion of the house that he should govern himself entirely by those precedents; and this was acceded to after some conversation respecting the application of the case at the revolution, as a precedent.

Mr. Grenville only remained a few months as Speaker, when from some temporary arrangements in the ministry, Lord Sidney having resigned the Secretaryship for the Home Department, he was succeeded by Mr. Grenville, who had previously resigned his Paymastership of the Forces, and under these circumstances, we find him still pursuing the same line of politics.

On the 9th of February, 1790, Mr. Gilbert having brought up the report of army estimates, for a second reading of the usual resolutions, Sir Grey Cooper alluded to an expression of the Chancellor's, "that money sufficient "to defray the extraordinaries of the army, "had already been voted *for other services*, "and would be forthcoming when wanted."—He therefore asked for some explanation on this extraordinary subject; he complained of the increased expences, as not warranted by an increase of our finances, and insisted that the house should not depart from one of their inestimable privileges, that of appropriating the supplies, as well as solely granting the aids to the crown.

Mr. Secretary Grenville declared, that no man was more of opinion than himself, that this country was to look for resources in the good state of her finances; but he should think those ministers unworthy of their situations, who, for the sake of any temporary triumph or convenience, should recommend inconsiderable savings, which might afterwards be productive of a much greater loss. Were we for the sake of a present saving, to put our peace establishment on such a footing as to invite or to tempt an attack, the consequence would be, that the savings of many years would inevitably be swallowed up in few months; and concluded by observing, that if the situation of France rendered her less formidable now than she was then, still it was not politic to alter our establishment on every alteration in the circumstances of rival powers.

In the month of March, the much talked of motion of Mr. Flood, for a parliamentary reform, was brought before the house, on this occasion Mr. Grenville again expressed his abhorrence of all these theoretical innovations, by declaring that under what circumstances, and at whatever time any proposition of parliamentary reform was brought forward, he for one would resist it. The circumstances and times were such, as made not only the question dangerous, but even the discussion of it dangerous likewise.

From the rapidity of the motions brought forward by opposition, this was a period of great activity for all the members of administration, accordingly we find Mr. Grenville, for some weeks, speaking upon every question, until the 25th of November, 1790, when he was created Baron Grenville.

On Monday, 13th December, 1790, his Lordship delivered his maiden speech in the Upper House, in the debate on an address for the papers relative to the Nootka Sound business, and the consequent Spanish armament.

The Marquis of Lansdown having opposed the ministry, the new peer contended in answer, that if any thing more than another made the constitution of England desirable, it was the distinct authority which it gave to government to negotiate, unshackled by the legislature, pending the business, and responsible only on its conclusion. No one paper, his Lordship observed, was wanting in addition to those already before the House; for here was the message of his Majesty, containing the injury, and fairly stating what would be the reparation that should satisfy; and unless it could be shewn that the money had been misapplied, or that some gross malversation had occurred, he saw no solid ground for calling upon ministers to disclose what never could be done, without indelicacy, and, perhaps, danger.

On the 29th of March, his Majesty's message, relative to the Russian armament, was read, when his Lordship in moving the consequent address, displayed an enlarged and liberal view of the relative interests of independent states. He maintained that policy always required that we should watch with a jealous eye the progress of the various powers of Europe; for it was not sufficient that we were not immediately engaged in hostilities, we were to see how the power of other states increased, for by that increase ours might be affected; and when that should appear to be the case, it was a duty to use our endeavours to counteract it; and situated as this country now was, he believed there would be no difficulty in seeing that the present power of Russia was such as to call on us to interpose our weight to check its progress.

In 1791, his Lordship gave up the Home Department, and accepted the Foreign Seals; and in the same year he was appointed to the Rangership of St. James's and Hyde Parks.

In the year 1792, he again proved his patriotic wishes, and constitutional knowledge, in his support of the Libel Bill; in the course of his speech, he observed, that a practice had of late obtained, for Judges, on the trial of questions in cases of libels, to tell Juries, that they had nothing to do but to find the facts of printing and publishing, and to leave the whole of the other considerations to them. So convinced was he of the impropriety of this, that if it could even be proved to him that it was the established law of the land, and that all the precedents, in all times, and under all circumstances, ran in one uniform stream in its favour, still he should be of opinion, that it ought to be abolished.

Amidst these patriotic efforts, his Lordship looked around him for happiness of a softer and more domestic kind, and his wishes were soon realised by a union with the present Lady Grenville, the Hon. Anne Pitt, only daughter of the first, and sister of the late Lord Camelford.

During the commencement and progress of the French revolution, his Lordship, as a member of administration, was particularly active in stopping the importation of French principles, and in checking the daring attempts of the accredited agents of France, to acquire a popular influence in this country; in this he had much opposition, and powerful abilities to contend with.

When Lord Lauderdale, 1793, moved for all the *Dutch* papers, respecting the opening of the Scheldt, Lord Grenville, in reply, said, that their Lordships *must* see the obvious impropriety of granting all information received from our minister at the Hague; it was, he said, the very end, use, and object of a minister at a foreign court to collect information, from every possible channel, and to transmit it to this country. Would their Lordships think it wise and prudent, that the information so transmitted by Lord Auckland should be exposed? Certainly not.

Lord Grenville then called the attention of the House, to M. Chavelin's declaration of the 24th May, "Religiously faithful to the prin- "ciples of its constitution, whatever may be "definitively the fortune of her arms in this "war, France repels every idea of aggrandise- "ment:" he then pointedly asked how far the conduct of France agreed with his professions, and contended, that with the present power in France it was impossible to treat; for there the momentary will of an armed multitude had been substituted for order and law. In a subsequent discussion, his Lordship begged they would recollect the breaking off the negotiation with M. Chavelin, who had delivered a paper, purporting to contain explanations calculated to remove the jealousies of this country and avert a war, but it concluded with a declaration, that in case these explanations should not prove satisfactory, France would then prepare for war. This was a menace, he observed, which sufficiently shewed that peace was *not* the object of France; for she must have known that England would never bend to threats, and, therefore, to hold them out was the most effectual way, *not* to conciliate or maintain a good understanding, but to provoke a war.

It is not in our power, nor indeed have we room to dilate further on his Lordship's political conduct, during the progress of this eventful revolution, more voluminous historians, can only do justice to it, as the developement of his parliamentary opinions, would naturally retrace every occurrence of the last fifteen years; it is sufficient to say that he remained an efficient member of the government, till the charge which led to the treaty of Amiens, alternately directing our relations abroad, or stemming the torrent of popular discontent, and revolutionary spirit, amongst the turbulent few at home.

In 1794, he gave up the Rangership of the Parks; in 1795 was appointed Auditor of the Exchequer, and shortly after, one of the Board of Controul.

On the great question of the Union in 1800, Lord Grenville moved the address, on his Majesty's message, and on the 21st of April, in the debate on going into a Committee, in reply to Lord Holland, expressed much surprise, at being called on to support the general principle of a question which had been repeatedly, recently, and almost unanimously, recognised by both Houses of Parliament.

"Good God," he exclaimed, "what would "now be our situation, had a blind and mis- "taken policy induced our ancestors to reject "the Scottish Union! Might we not at this "moment be considering the questions either of "a union or a war, with the northern division "of the Island!"—He then concluded with observing, that if the much contended for political maxim were true, that the relative situation of both kingdoms is such, that they must

both stand or fall together, then he was convinced a union was absolutely necessary, as the only means left to secure the connexion, and render it indissoluble.

The succeeding events of his Lordship's political life, are so recent as to be in the recollection of all; they are, however, events on which there has been a great diversity of opinion. It has been generally advanced, that an understanding existed between the ministry and Irish Catholics, that in case of a union, ministry should bring forward the measure of Catholic emancipation; and that a superior interference having prevented it, they conceived themselves bound in honour to fulfil their engagement or to resign. The latter event took place in 1801, immediately before the treaty of Amiens, and we find Lord Grenville, when in opposition, extremely active in his parliamentary duties. His high talents were duly appreciated and sought after by both parties, but he seemed unwilling to take a part in any administration which should not be founded on a union of all the talent and interest in the kingdom. During his absence from office, he voluntarily advocated the cause of the Catholics in Ireland, and by his opposition to the Cabinet, formed under the auspices of Mr. Pitt, was considered as a powerful addition to the Whig Party.

The death of Mr. Pitt now opened the way for a new Administration, in which his Lordship took the lead, and immediately after came into power, though with some loss of popularity, from the *Auditor Bill*, which was considered, by all moderate men, as being in direct opposition to those principles of constitutional purity, which that party had so long talked of. But it is not in the limits of a periodical work to enter further in events so multitudinous, and so recent, we shall therefore conclude this article, with enumerating his Lordship's titles, offices, &c.

William Windham Grenville, Lord Grenville, Baron Grenville of Wotton, L. L. D. Privy Councillor here and in Ireland, Auditor of the Exchequer, Elder Brother of the Trinity House, and Vice President of the Society for Relief of the Indigent Blind, as well as of the Refuge for the Destitute, &c. &c. &c.

HISTORY OF FRANCE.

THE pride of ancestry, however it may be despised by *soi disant* philosophers, yet from the most accurate deductions from ancient history, as well as from our modern observations on human life in its most savage state, appears to be a principle inherent in our nature, or at least engrafted on that spirit of curiosity, which prompts the mind to exertion and active research. The most ancient nations of which history affords us any accounts, were even then proud and boastful of the prowess of their *forefathers*; and the same spirit still excites to self-complacency the peaceful Hindu, and the ferocious Cherokee; the latter deriving his descent from the Sun and Moon, and the former claiming a lineal descent from his Deity.

In civilized life this principle extends itself, and we become curious to know, not only our own immediate origin, but also that of others; *ancient* history of course forms a considerable part of our studies, and is interesting to all.

Under a full conviction of this truism, we sit down to delineate a sketch not only of the ancient *history*, but also of the ancient *arts, manners*, &c. of France, as they will serve to elucidate the transactions of more modern times, and will lead us to a consideration of the feudal system, which even at the present day has a powerful influence on our political institutions, as well as on the manners and customs of social life.

The history of all countries previous to the introduction of letters is lost in obscurity, or enveloped in fable; like an immense mountain whose hoary summit is wrapt in clouds, whilst imagination in her daring flight, paints its altitude much beyond reality, so was the origin of nations carried to the wildest extent, in the traditions of the Druid, and the songs of the Bard.

Now, though *all* they have handed down to us, cannot be true, neither does it necessarily follow that it must *all* be false; for we find in the wildest fables of heathen mythology, a series of traditions founded upon some knowledge of scripture revelation. If therefore we find that some of their tales were founded on facts, it may be productive of pleasure to our minds to examine the others, and deduce from them such historical conclusions as may appear consistent with probability, and illustrative of early times.

It is stated by the ancient writers, that the Celtæ are descended from Gomer, eldest son of Japhet, who was Noah's youngest son, at the time of the deluge; they tell us that Gomer settled first in Phrygia, and that his descendents becoming numerous, found their way across the Hellespont into Scythia, where they took the names of Cymmerians or Cymbrians; other writers say that the descendents of Gomer found their way into Europe, by penetrating from Tartary round the Black Sea. It is as unnecessary, as it is impossible, to determine which of these is right, but we may rationally conclude, that population may have extended itself from Asia, into Europe, by both these routes. That the Celtæ had some traditionary knowledge derived from their Asiatic ancestry, there can be no doubt; as their religious creed, as well as their ceremonies, bore a strong resemblance to the forms and doctrines of Zoroaster, with the exception that the one worshipped fire as the emblem of the Deity, whilst the other felt a religious veneration for the oak, as symbolical of the godhead. It is also no less certain that they had a considerable portion of learning amongst them, although ignorant of letters, as Aristotle himself says that their philosophy passed into Greece, instead of their having derived their philosophy from that school, of arts and learning to other nations.

Brought up in temperance and hardihood they became extremely prolific, and their wandering mode of life, prompting them to emigration, they found their way across the Rhine, 7 or 800 years before the birth of Christ, and established themselves in that country, which they denominated Gaul, for what reason is not exactly known to antiquaries, and where they changed their own appellation from Celtæ to that of Galli or Gauls.

Soon after their settlement in Gaul, they multiplied so rapidly, that a wild and uncultivated country was unable to support them; stimulated by want, and the restless disposition of savage life, they made incursions into the neighbouring countries, spreading terror and destruction wherever they came.

These incursions were sometimes merely for plunder, at others for the purpose of finding settlements for the overplus of their population; and when it happened that the infant colonies, thus settled in foreign countries, were annoyed by the old inhabitants, it was customary for the mother country to send out additional swarms to their assistance, not only from having them to spare, but also to prevent them from being driven back again upon a country already too populous for its own resources from the chace or agriculture.

The inhabitants of the conquered countries flying to their neighbours for support and protection, it was natural that they should magnify the numbers of those by whom they were driven from their homes; it is not surprising then that these magnified reports of their force, together with their known courage, natural fierceness, and cruelty to their prisoners, joined to that necessity which obliged them to conquer or to starve, should add much to the terror of their name, and prepare for them an easy conquest.

Of their history, *at home*, previous to the time of Cæsar, we know little more than has been already recited, but of their actions in their predatory excursions, we have sufficient accounts from the Roman historians. The first of these is mentioned by Polybius, who relates that Ambigatus, king of Celto-gallia, finding himself unable to restrain the immense number of young warriors, with which the country was crowded, determined to employ them in seeking foreign settlements; he therefore gave the command of a large army to his two nephews, Bellovesus and Segovesus, in order that they might establish themselves in some more southern country. The first with his division crossed the Rhine, and having surmounted the difficulties of almost impenetrable forests, and the towering heights of the Alps, the fertile plains of Lombardy lay open to his view; Piedmont and Lombardy were then inhabited by the Hetrurii, but enervated by a long peace, they were unable to resist the impetuous torrent, and quietly yielded a settlement to these adventurers. This opened the way for future colonies, and in a few years all that part of Italy became the Cisalpine Gaul of the Romans. The second division under the orders of Segovesus, having crossed the Rhine and penetrated the Hereynian forest, settled in that part of Germany which now forms the kingdom of Bohemia, so called from the Boii, one of the nations which formed the largest part of the invaders. This happened about the year of Rome 160, and was followed by other irruptions for the space of two hundred years which brought them near to the walls of Imperial Rome herself. About four hundred years before Christ, the Senones a nation of Gaul, inhabiting between Paris and Meaux, were invited into Italy by an Hetrurian chief, who required their assistance; pleased with the country so much superior to their own, they

settled themselves in Umbria, a fertile country on the borders of Tuscany.

Brennus, their king, anxious to increase his power, laid siege to Clusium, into which the Fabii, the Roman generals, unexpectedly threw themselves in order to reinforce the garrison. Enraged at their conduct, Brennus immediately raised the siege, and marched for Rome; and having encountered the Fabii and the Roman army in his route, he defeated them after an obstinate action, and pushed on to the capital, when the inhabitants were struck with such terror at his approach, that they abandoned the city to the invading army: Brennus marched into the deserted city, and having secured all the passages leading from the capitol, to guard against surprise, gave up the city to plunder, when the victorious savages, after rifling all that was portable, reduced it to ashes, involving all its patrician palaces and stately temples, in one mass of ruin and desolation. As the capitol was too strong for an assault, he left some of his troops to form a blockade, and marched with the remainder to attack the city of Ardea, but his soldiers were so elevated by their recent victories, and so enervated by their indulgence in wine, that their discipline was destroyed, and they were defeated by Camillus with great slaughter.

Brennus now thought it prudent to fall back upon his reserve at Rome, and having attempted to surprise the capitol by scaling the walls in the night, would have succeeded, had not some geese by their cackling awoke the guards, when the gallant Manlius, sounding the alarm and rushing to the spot, opposed them with so much success that most of the attacking party threw themselves down the steep and perished.

Camillus was now chosen Dictator, and having advanced with an army, hastily collected, found the Gauls too strongly posted to warrant an attack, he therefore, with the approbation of the senate, sent Sulpitius, one of the tribunes, to negotiate with the barbarian chief; it was agreed on the part of the Romans to pay a thousand pounds weight of gold, and that Brennus on his part should entirely evacuate the Roman territories, but Brennus having produced false weights for the weighing of the money, Camillus ordered it back, and told him that instead of money, Rome should now be ransomed by the sword. The truce being thus broken off, a most decisive battle took place, in which the Romans were completely victorious, for the Gauls being seized with a panic fled on the first onset, and were pursued with such effect, that they, as historians relate, were cut off to a man.

This turn in their affairs was followed by other unfortunate circumstances, for the Romans now became the attacking party, and constantly harassed the settlers in Tuscany and Cisalpine Gaul, which induced them to send to their native country for reinforcements; but these came in such numbers to their support, that they were more troublesome than the Romans, so that they found it necessary to attack the new comers, and put them to flight, after killing their two leaders. After suffering several successive defeats from the Romans, the latter began to fear, that the Gauls would learn wisdom from their misfortunes, and being convinced at length of their want of discipline and martial order, as well as taking example from the surrounding nations, that they might become expert soldiers, and therefore must be a formidable enemy in case of their joining with any other invaders. Nor was this fear ill-founded, for they gave great assistance to Hannibal in his passage over the Alps, and to the other Carthagenian generals who followed him; besides, as they had been often engaged as auxiliaries by the different nations with whom the Romans were at war, and thus added every day an expertness in arms to their native hardiness and intrepidity, it became an obvious policy to retaliate upon them by the invasion of their country.

Several attempts for this purpose were made, but with little success, until the Consulate of Quintus Marcius, who had the supreme power alone, after the death of his colleague in Numidia; and who, to facilitate the passage of his troops into the heart of their country, projected a most stupendous work, being no less than a military road between the Alps and Pyrennees.

This was a work of immense labour, and he was much opposed in the execution of it by those nations who lived in its vicinity, particularly by the Stæni, who inhabited the foot of the Alps, near Turin; which people being at last defeated, in despair set fire to their habitations, and having killed their wives and children, threw the dead bodies into the flames, into which they rushed themselves, determined to leave the vengeful conqueror nothing but a desolate country.

The great military road being finished, Marcius, in order to secure it from the incursions of the barbarians, determined to plant a Roman colony in that district called the country of the Volscæ Tectosagi, lying between the modern Toulouse and the Pyrennees; having built a city here, in furtherance of his project, he called it *Narbo Marcius*, from which it

retains the name of Narbonne to the present day; and the conquest of the southern part of Gaul, together with the formation of such a way from the Roman territories into the heart of the enemies country, was considered of such importance to the general interests of the Republic, that the Senate ordered him a triumph on his return. His successors, adopting his policy, pursued their conquests over the Carni, Gentisci, and several other nations of Gaul, and extended their military roads in every useful direction; but their successes were not invariable, as the Teutones and Cimbri having taken the alarm at their progress, opposed them with all their forces, and after several hard fought battles, surprized and defeated them, making their general, Popilius, with his whole army, pass under the yoke.

Elated by their successes, the Transalpine Gauls became for some time very troublesome to the Romans, until the Senate recalling Marius from the Jugurthine war, and appointing Sylla as his second in command, sent such a force into Gaul, that the Cimbri and Teutones were completely defeated in the first pitched battle; in this the slaughter was so great that the rivers were stained with blood, and the women having taken up arms, made a considerable resistance; but the conquerors refusing them honorable conditions, they murdered their children, and piercing their own bosoms, fell lifeless on the dead bodies of their offspring.

It appears, however, that the Cisalpine Gauls were more friendly towards the Republic, for though invited by some of Cataline's party, to join in his conspiracy, yet they ordered their ambassadors to make a full discovery of it to Q. Fabius Sanga, who gave information of it to the Consuls, by which it was first discovered, and finally disconcerted.

For some time harmony subsisted between the two nations, until the restless disposition of the Helvetii, the inhabitants of modern Switzerland, prompting them to seek new settlements, Julius Cæsar, who commanded in Gaul, marched with his army to oppose them.

It appears from Cæsar's writings, that Orgetorix and Dumnorix, the two most powerful chiefs of the Helvetii, were the original prompters, or at least the promoters of this proposed emigration, from a desire to change their own mountainous country for a better, and had engaged their countrymen to burn their towns and villages, preparatory to their seeking new habitations. The intelligence of this irruption being carried to Cæsar, he instantly resolved to put a stop to it, and made such expedition, that he arrived at the Rhone, from the city of Rome, in eight days, and having hastily collected his troops, he broke down the bridge near Geneva, and in a short space of time almost incredible, finished the famous wall reaching from that city to Mount Jura, a distance of more than seventeen miles; this wall was sixteen feet in height, with a broad and deep ditch, and fortified with towers at bow-shot distance from each other.

The Helvetii had demanded a passage through the country of the Allobroges, when Cæsar, though he had not received his expected reinforcements, advanced beyond the wall, and in order to keep them in play, sent ambassadors to enquire the reason of their emigration. Shortly after, Cæsar had an interview with the chiefs, Orgetorix and Dumnorix, in which they pleaded the barrenness of their country as their reason for wishing to leave it. Cæsar demanded what quantity of provisions they had for so large a number, they replied, "sufficient for three years;" surely then, observed the wary Roman, that cannot be a barren country which thus enables you to provide three years food for your whole population!

This reasoning had no effect on the headstrong barbarians, so that he was obliged at length to bring them to action, which terminated in favour of the Roman arms, the Helvetti having lost 130,000 men, besides many prisoners, amongst whom were the wife and daughter of Orgetorix; the poor remains of the vanquished, begged for a peace, and were at length permitted to settle amongst the Edui, from whom they were originally descended. The successful termination of this action, and the steady, yet temperate, conduct of Cæsar after his victory, gained much respect for the Roman arms throughout all Gaul; indeed they were so much conciliated by his policy, and struck with surprize at the incredible dispatch with which he had prepared to oppose them, that the different nations of this extensive country were each anxious to pay him their homage and congratulations, and to be the first to claim the friendship of the Roman people; from this period we may date the subjugation of Gaul.

At this period the whole country was in a most unsettled state, from the variety and discordance of their governments, their mutual jealousy, the overbearing power of some states, and the abject dependence of the smaller ones, upon the greater, amounting even to a degree of

slavery; with the well-known policy of the Romans, the Conqueror took every advantage of these intestine commotions, becoming in turn, the protection of the weaker powers, the terror of the overbearing, and an umpire in all cases. To trace all the wars, with the different states, in which the Romans were in general victorious, would be impossible in our limits, suffice it to say, that Cæsar made several incursions into Germany and Belgia, during his long government in this province, and having gained, an important victory in Celtic Gaul, he laid siege to Uxollidunum, defended by a strong garrison, and commanded by Drapes and Luterius; the place was soon obliged to surrender through want of water, and in order to strike the greater terror into the revolting states, he caused the right hands of all those capable of bearing arms to be cut off; the entire conquest of Gaul from the Rhine to the Alps and Pyrennees was thus completed, the whole country reduced into a Roman province, and placed under the direction of a Prætor.

In the time of Augustus, Gaul was divided into sixteen provinces, and so completely were they subjugated, that every vestige of their ancient laws was removed, and every means were taken to incorporate them as much as possible with the Roman people, whose legions were filled with their finest and most warlike young men, without their shewing the smallest symptom of disaffection or revolt; indeed they even agreed to build an altar to Augustus, and to pay him divine honours!

After this period some slight revolts took place, and the legions of Gaul, in their turn, presented their leaders as candidates for the imperial purple, until the time of Constantine, who, in the 5th century, divided the Roman empire into four provinces, each consisting of several smaller divisions or dioceses; this led to the final division of the empire by the irruptions of the Northern Hordes, who completely changed the system of government, of domestic polity, and of social manners.

Hitherto, although the Roman laws and customs prevailed in Gaul, yet their language still remained, and, in fact, does still remain, as we find the Celtic to be the foundation of the Welsh, Cornish, Irish, Erse, and Breton dialects, and to be even preserved in the mountains of Biscay and the Austurias, the ancient Celtiberia. It even forms a considerable part of the English, as well as other modern languages, and has a great similarity both in sound and conformation with the Hebrew; and some learned commentators seem to have proved that even the Grecian names of the Heathen Deities, are immediately derived from the Celtii; to enter largely into the disquisition is impossible in a periodical work, we shall therefore just mention one or two instances to mark the position; Nofddyn, swimming on the waves, seems to be the derivative of Neptune; Wael gin, the inventor of steel, bears a strong similarity to Vulcan; and Aphaul, the Son of the Sun, is not very far distant from Apollo. From the different accounts handed down to us by Cæsar, Tacitus, and Polybius, we know that their religious ceremonies and opinions, formed the Druidical creed, in later times, and bore a strong affinity to the opinions of the Gaurs, or Worshippers of Fire, the Tartars, and other Northern nations. Their government, although military, was of a mixed nature; their little commonwealths were in general regulated by the advice of the nobles, but still controuled by a civil magistrate, chosen yearly by the people, and a general, or leader, chosen for the purposes of war. It has been asserted by some writers, that the trial by single combat, was first introduced into the southern parts of Europe, by the Goths and Vandals, who poured down from the North, in the later ages; there is, however, no doubt but that this, as well as many others, strictly called feudal customs, were common amongst the Celtœ, though we have not sufficient authority to decide whether the feudal tenures were common amongst them, or introduced by the warlike nations, who settled, in more southern climes, upon the destruction of the Roman empire.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ON EPIC POETRY AMONG THE ROMANS.

LUCAN.

M. Annæus Lucanus was a native of Corduba in Spain. He was early removed to Rome: where the rising talents he evinced, and still more the praises which were generally heaped upon his head, recommended him to the notice of the Emperor Nero. This acquaintance was productive to the poet of something better than mere reputation, for he was raised to the dignified offices of Augur and Quæstor, before he had attained the age prescribed by law. But his poetical vanity induced him to abandon the path of advantage: and he ventured to enter the lists of Parnassus against his imperial patron. The story of Orpheus was selected as the subject of Lucan's poem: and Nero undertook the tragical narrative of Niobe. Lucan obtained an easy victory; but his fame of course made the Emperor his enemy, and the effects of so mighty a malignity very soon evinced themselves to the unfortunate victor. Nero, resolved upon revenge, omitted no insult that might mortify and exasperate Lucan; who at length, losing all capability of endurance, united with Piso in a conspiracy against the tyrant. But a freedman, who was one of the conspirators, discovered the plot, and nothing was left to the poet but the choice of his death. He caused his veins to be opened in a warm bath, and died, repeating with energy those lines in the third book of his Pharsalia, which he had put into the mouth of a soldier, suffering the same punishment. Some accounts there are, which accuse him of an unbecoming pusillanimity at the period of his death, and state, that in order to escape the impending fate, he implicated his own mother in his crime: but other narratives are totally silent as to this circumstance, and expressly state, that he expired with all the firmness of a philosopher. His grandfather, the poet Seneca, was accused of a concern in the same plot, and perished also by an aperture of the blood-vessels.

The death of Lucan happened in the 26th year of his age, and in the year of our Lord 65. Of all his compositions, the Pharsalia alone is extant.

The Pharsalia is a poem, by which, among others, we are to form a judgment on the state of poetry among the Romans: but perhaps it is not a poem by which alone we ought to form a judgment on the powers of Lucan's mind. Lucan, when he wrote it, was extremely young, but the work abounds with passages which prove that the seeds of poetry existed in his breast, and wanted only proper cultivation to produce rich and beautiful fruits. His grandfather Seneca has somewhere said, that a young poet ought to have luxuriances that will suffer repression, and excrescences that demand the knife: for that he who, in the first warmth of youth, can so far command his temperament, as not to blaze with too flaring a fire, will never rise to a sufficient heat, when advancing years shall have yet further cooled his mind. If Lucan be judged by this criterion, he will not appear to be a poet of mean capacity: if he had lived longer, he would probably have written better.

Having said thus much, in candour, of Lucan's merit, we shall not be thought to speak unfairly, when we condemn the general style of Lucan's poem.

The subject of the Pharsalia is great and interesting: the beauties of the poetry are striking and original. Sometimes they rise even to sublimity. Why, then, does it happen that while we constantly read Virgil, the most laborious Latinists cannot get through a book of Lucan, without a great deal of fatigue? The question is well worth the attention of young authors, who are always so easily duped by everything that has an air of grandeur, and who fancy that when their imagination bubbles over in sparkling froth, they have done all that it is necessary for a poet to do. The example of Lucan will shew them, that with great talent and even genius, a poet may want that art of writing, which is the fruit of a natural taste, matured by industry and by time, and indispensably necessary for the attraction of readers. The reasons, then, of the neglect under which this poet labours, are simply these: That his imagination is always in chace

of something great, but commits very frequently mistakes in its selection: that it has not that power of variation which can give successive novelty to the forms of style, to the tones and movements of phrase, and to the colour of objects: that he wants that sound judgment which can throw aside exaggerated imagery, inflation of idea, misrepresentation in narrative, tediousness and superfluity of detail: that having cast all his lines in the same mould, and rung them all in the same cadence, he is equally monotonous to the mind and to the ear. It follows that a great part of his beauties are as it were stifled among so many defects, and that the reader, in impatience, refuses to undergo the trouble of hunting, or the fatigue of waiting, for them.

Perhaps we can in no possible mode so completely illustrate the character of Lucan's poetry, as by presenting an extract from his Pharsalia. This extract, it is true, will be only prose: for a poetical translation is calculated rather to amuse the careless reader, than to inform the curious inquirer: and Horace has told us, that in a good poem, even when rendered into prose, the scattered limbs of the poet are always to be seen. We select the description of Cæsar's passage from Epirus into Italy by a little boat, when a tempest arose, and the hero, perceiving the pilot alarmed, uttered the celebrated exclamation: "What do you fear? "You carry Cæsar and his fortune." We have not chosen to give extracts from Homer or Virgil, because their works are in everybody's hands, and a mere reference is sufficient: but as Lucan has not been so much read, perhaps our readers may be amused by the translation of this part of his poem.

"Night had suspended the alarms of war, "and brought the season of repose to the un- "happy soldiers, who in their humble fortune "enjoy at least a sound sleep. All the camp "was still, and the centinels had just been "changed for the third watch. Cæsar ad- "vanced with uneasy step, in the vast silence "of the night: full of his rash projects, hardly "worthy of his meanest soldier, he walks "without attendants: his fortune alone is with "him. He clears the tents of the sleeping "guards, and silently laments that his escape "is so easy. He passes along the shore, "and finds a boat fastened by a cable to a "time-worn rock. Near it he perceives the "quiet abode of the pilot: a cottage framed "of interwoven bulrushes and reeds, and "guarded on the side of the sea by the up- "turned keel of the boat. Cæsar knocks "with repeated blows, and shakes the cottage. "Amyclas rises from his bed of herbs: what "unhappy being, he exclaims, has shipwreck "tossed near my dwelling? What is he whom "fortune forces to take refuge here? As he "said these words, he hastened to kindle some "sparks of fire, and went fearlessly to open "the door. He knew that cottages are not the "prey of war—O high advantage of peaceable poverty! O simple, rural roof! O present of the Gods till this time ill understood! "What walls, what temples would not have "trembled, when struck by the hand of Cæsar? "The door opened. Prepare thyself, said he, "for rewards which thou wouldst not dare to "hope: Thy amplest claims shall be gratified, "if thou wilt obey me and bear me over into "Italy. Thou shalt not be obliged to sustain "thy old age by the produce of thy boat and "the labour of thy hands. Reject not the "Gods who wish to heap riches on thy head. "Thus spoke Cæsar: even in the garb of a "soldier, he could not relinquish the tone of a "master. Amyclas answered him: Many "reasons would deter me from venturing this "night upon the sea. The sun, at his setting, "was surrounded with clouds: his divided "rays seemed to beckon on one side the wind of "the south, and on the other the wind of the "north: and even in the midst of his course, "his light was weak, and might be viewed "with steady gaze. The moon has not cast a "clear lustre: her crescent was not clear and "serene; her redness presaged a violent wind: "she grew pale, and concealed herself sadly in "clouds. The groaning of the forests, the "sound of waves beating the shore, the dol- "phins coming nearer to land, announce "to me nothing happy. I have observed, "with uneasiness, that the diving bird seeks "the sand, that the heron dares not lift her "damp wings into the air, and that the crow, "from time to time, plunging into the water, "as if preparing herself for rain, skims the "shore with uncertain flight. But if great "interests require it, I will venture myself "upon the sea, I will come to a landing where "you shall direct me, or the winds and waves "will soon oppose it. He said: and loosening "his boat, he spread the sail. Scarcely was it "shaken by the wind, when not only the wan- "dering stars appeared to disperse themselves "in various furrows, but even those which are "immoveable appeared to be shaken. A "dreadful darkness covered the face of the seas: "the heaped and threatening waves were heard "to hiss, already impelled by the winds,

"though not yet certain which blast they "were about now to obey. The pilot trem- "bling said to Cæsar: You see what the me- "naces of the sea forebode. I know not "whether it be the wind of the east or of the "west that agitates it: but my boat is beaten "on every side: the sky and the clouds seem "driven by the south wind, and if I may be- "lieve the sound of the waves, it is the north- "wind by which they are moved. We have "no prospect of landing in Italy to-day: not "even of being wrecked on its coast. Our "only chance of safety is to renounce our de- "sign, and measure back our course. Let us "recover the shore, lest in a little while it be "at too great a distance from us.

"Cæsar, believing himself above all danger, "as he was above all fear, answered the ma- "riner: Fear not the rage of the waves: "spread thy sail to the furious wind. If the "stars forbid thee to sail toward Italy, sail "under my auspices. Thou wouldst not fear, "if thou knewest whom thy vessel wafts. "Know that the Gods never abandon me, and "that fortune is more than usually severe, "when she does not anticipate my wishes. "Advance amid the tempests, and fear nothing "under my protection. This whirlwind that "threatens the skies, and the seas, threatens "not the vessel in which I pass; it carries "Cæsar, and Cæsar guarantees it from every "peril. The fury of the winds will slacken "soon. This vessel will restore tranquillity "to the sea. Bend not from thy course; avoid "the nearest rocks: and know that thou wilt "arrive at the harbour of Brundusium, when "no longer shall be any hope of safety but in "arriving there. Thou knowest not the mean- "ing of all this uproar: if fortune shakes the "heaven and the seas, it is because she seeks "to serve me. While yet he spoke, a sudden "blast struck the ship, snapped the cordage, "and wafted the sails high over the shattered "mast. The boat was jarred by the violent "shock, and soon all the tempests united came "pouring upon her from the ends of the uni- "verse. The west wind first raised his head "from the Atlantic ocean, and piled the waves "upon each other like a heap of rocks. The "cold Boreas ran to meet him, and drove back "the sea which long hung doubtful on which "side to fall. But the rage of the north wind "conquered: he spun the waves in eddies, "and the uncovered sands seemed to constitute "fords. Boreas did not dash the waves against "the rocks: he broke them against those "which his rival swept forward, and the up- "lifted sea seemed to fight against itself with- "out the assistance of the winds. The blast "of the east was not still: and that of the "south, incumbered with clouds, remained not "in the caves of Æolus. Each of them, blow- "ing with impetuosity from his own side, con- "tributed to keep the sea within its proper "limits; whereas tempests in general mix the "waves of different seas, as for instance those "of the Ægean and Tuscan sea, those of the "Ionian sea, and the Adriatic gulph. How "often did this day behold the mountains co- "vered with waves! How many heights ap- "peared to be buried in the sea! All the wa- "ters of the world abandon their banks. "Ocean himself, the receptable of monsters "and the belt of the globe, seems to confound "himself in one single sea. Thus once the "King of Olympus called in the trident of his "brother to aid his wearied thunders, and "earth appeared united to the inheritance of "Neptune, when he overflowed it with his "waters, and would have no coast but the "height of the heavens. Thus on this day the "sea would have raised itself to the stars, if "Jupiter had not repressed it with the weight "of the clouds. It was not an ordinary night "that spread itself upon the world; the livid "and tremendous darkness deeply covered the "waters and the heavens. The air was op- "pressed beneath the waters, and the waves "swelled in the air. The dreadful lustre of "the lightnings was extinguished in this obscu- "rity, and cast but a faint gleam. The dwel- "ling of the Gods was shaken, the axle of the "world rung, the poles trembled, and nature "dreaded a chaos. The elements seemed to "have broken the bonds that united them, and "to be on the point of bringing back the eter- "nal night which confounds heaven and hell. "If any hope remained to mortals, it was in "seeing that the world was not yet actually "broken by these terrible shocks. The trem- "bling pilot, raised on the summit of the waves, "looked down upon the abysses of the sea from "as great a height as that from which it is "seen on the mountains of Leucas; and when "the waves opened again, scarcely did the "mast of the vessel appear above them: some- "times the sails touched the skies, and some- "times the keel touched the ground. The sea "on one side was shallowed even to the sands, "on the other it was heaped up like one en- "tire wave. Fear confounded all the resources "of art, and the pilot knew not which waves "to obey, and which to beat aside. The op- "position of the winds preserved him: the

" waves, struggling with an equal force, sus-
" tained the vessel, and still as she was falling
" on either side, she was balanced by the
" power of the contrary wind. The pilot did
" not fear that he should be thrown toward the
" ford-encircled isle of Sason, nor on the coast
" of Thessalia rough with rocks, nor into the
" dreaded streight of Ambracia: he feared only
" to be dashed against the Ceraunian heights.

" Cæsar now thought he had encountered
" dangers worthy of his destiny. It is then,
" said he to himself, a great effort for the Gods
" to destroy Cæsar, since when I am seated in
" a frail wherry, they attack me with the sea
" and with storms! If the glory of destroying
" me is reserved for Neptune, if I may not
" perish in a field of battle, O Gods, I shall
" receive, without fear, the death that ye al-
" lot me. Though fate, in hastening my last
" hour, snatches me from the greatest exploits;
" yet I have lived long enough for my glory,
" I have subdued the nations of the North, I
" have conquered Rome by the mere terror of
" my name: Rome has seen Pompey beneath me,
" her obedient citizens have given me the fasces
" which they refused me while I was fighting
" for my country: all the titles of Roman
" power have been heaped upon me. Let no
" one know, except thee, O Fortune! confi-
" dente of all my wishes, that Cæsar, though
" consul and dictator, dies too soon, because
" he is not yet master of the world. I want
" no funeral pomp. O Gods! leave my disfigur-
" ed corpse upon the waves. I ask neither tomb
" nor pyre, only let all the regions of the
" universe expect Cæsar with trembling.—
" Scarcely had he spoken these words, when
" an enormous wave carried away the boat
" without overturning it, and threw it on shore,
" where there were neither shelves nor rocks.
" So much greatness, so many kingdoms, in a
" word, his fortune were restored to him on
" touching the land!

In this passage are seen all the faults of Lucan's style. There are some ideas naturally conceived, and forcibly expressed; but every reader, who places himself in the situation that our poet has here described, will feel at once that the greatest part of the extract is unnatural, hyperbolical, and actually bombastic to the highest degree. How idle is the long dialogue that precedes the untying of the boat; and how ridiculous is the long speech that Cæsar makes, when compared to the sublime expression which history records him to have uttered! The pilot must have thought it all very absurd, till Cæsar named himself; and even at last, Cæsar does not talk much like Cæsar. A man who says, I command fortune, will be taken for a fool; but he, who in the midst of danger, could exclaim, in a few words that made known at once his name and his character, " What do you fear? I am Cæsar:" must have imposed instantaneous obedience on a common mortal who heard him, and danger would at once have been forgotten. But if it is unnatural to detain Cæsar in dialogue before he sets off, and ridiculous to put such boastful phraseology into his mouth when he has embarked, how shall we sufficiently ridicule the absurdity of the storm that succeeds? Earth and Heaven are shaken, all the waters of the globe are uplifted, and Nature is put in fear of her life, merely to describe the danger of a boat tossed by a storm in the little sea of Epirus. This is surely the strongest abuse of figurative language, and the most complete neglect of the principal object. Such a long and swelling description make us forget Cæsar; and certainly Cæsar is the object who ought chiefly to occupy us. When the fleet of Æneas is assailed by a storm, ten or twelve lines suffice to Virgil for a description of the most striking and interesting kind; but that judgment which has immortalised Virgil, was denied by Apollo to Lucan.

Having thus given a general idea of Lucan's poetical style, we shall, in our next Number, say something of his merits with respect to fable and character, and those observations will be followed by a summary notice concerning some others of the Epic Poets.

TO THE EDITOR OF LE BEAU MONDE.

A LETTER FROM THE DEAD TO THE LIVING,

(Continued from page 206.)

Sir,

I RESUME my amusement of acquainting you that are alive with the humours that prevail among us that are dead.

We had been talking politics at the club, and were gradually shifting to subjects of private happiness and individual economy. The conversation then proceeded as follows:

INTERLOCUTORS.

Octavius the Historian, Augustus Cæsar, Socrates, Horace, Varius, Zoilus.

Octavius the Historian.—You think then, my dear Horace, that private virtues are the real riches of a state.

Horace.—I have in many parts of my writings declared, that if the people will work hard enough to earn a great deal, and living economically, will bestow their superfluity on the state—the state, of course, will soon grow rich.

Socrates.—But pray what sort of comfort will that state possess, in which every individual is fed, like a horse or an ox, on carrots and beans?

Horace.—Their poverty is the purchase of their glory.

Socrates.—Nothing is properly glorious that is not useful; and what's the use of money lying in the public treasury ready for furnishing armaments—and what's the use of conquering other countries with those armaments, if nobody is to be the richer for his pains?

Horace.—Sir, this is all very positive on your part; but don't you know that I am particularly famous for my general axioms of morality?

Socrates.—Yes, Sir, but I do not know why. Pray cite me some instance of your own profundity. I will not require from a poet all the logical accuracy that I should expect in a regular economist—only let me hear something, however declamatory, that breathes a genuine spirit of political grandeur.

Horace.—Did you never read the 15th Ode of my Second Book? There, after enumerating the pernicious luxuries that were spreading themselves throughout the Roman Empire, I proceeded to observe:

—— *Non ita Romuli*
Præscriptum, et intonsi Catonis
Auspiciis, veterumque normâ.
Privatus illis census erat brevis,
Commune magnum: nulla decempedis
Metata privatis opacam
Porticus excipiebat Arcton;
Nec fortuitum spernere cespitem
Leges sinebant, oppida publico
Sumtu jubentes, et deorum
Templa novo decorare Saxo.

There, now, you see exactly my ideas of political and private economy. Each should be humble, that all may be great. Private houses should be poor, that public buildings may be rich. For there the festivals and sacrifices are solemnized.

Varius.—That is to say, a man should starve himself through the greatest part of the year, that he may have a gaudy suit of cloathes to wear on holidays: Hey?

Socrates.—Let us be serious, by all means. Your drift then is just this: not thus were affairs conducted under the auspices of Romulus, and of unshaven Cato, and of the old school. Then the private purse was small, but the common stock large; there were no shady porches of an acre's length, and though the towns and the Temples of the Gods were by the laws provided with fine fronts of stone, an individual was not to reject a patch of turf in the composition of his own house.

Horace.—My meaning exactly, Sir.

Zoilus.—Your no meaning, you ought to say.

Socrates.—Sir, it is not likely that public splendour can be long accompanied by private indigence. It is an unnatural course of things that draws a premature greatness for the state out of the forced poverty of the people. Make every individual rich, and the country cannot well be poor. And as to luxury, it was not luxury that destroyed any of our cities. No, no; it was the want of a good constitution. Luxury will benefit a state while there is a general competition for the acquisition of its advantages, and a secure enjoyment of those advantages when they are acquired; as long a that wise system is carried on, luxury may be the source of effeminate sloth to a few, but is

the spring of industry to multitudes. But how should a state go on well, where things are carried on as they were in most of our governments? The riches of the Roman people were not the riches of the Roman population; the slaves toiled, till one-half of the freemen became so rich and so effeminate, that the other half of the freemen found it worth while to rob them. All this is not the mischief of luxury; for if an equal chance for the enjoyment of luxury had been imparted by equal laws to every subject in the state, riches would have become too general to be dangerous, individuals would have been preserved from enervation by the pressure of competition, and by the desire of still further aggrandizement, and luxury would have finally been made to operate as a check upon itself.

Varius.—Why really, Horace, when we come to take your lines to pieces, they do seem a little ludicrous. And I cannot at all join with you in the regret that you express for those times when men clapped a patch of turf upon the walls of their houses. That might be dignified, but it was very dirty.

Horace.—I begin to think you are right, Gentlemen. I will reconsider this subject. But meanwhile the names have a good effect. Romulus and Cato are words that go very roundly off the vulgar ear.

Augustus.—But allow me to say, that your writings are not calculated for the vulgar.

Zoilus.—No, please your Majesty, his writings are oftener calculated for drunkards and debauchees, who are genteel characters.

Varius.—As to the sound of the names, though I admit the full force of your argument as to the utility of such sound, yet I must beg leave to observe, that I think you are successful only with Romulus. Because, in the line about Cato, whose only recommendation here recorded is the stubborn shagginess of his chin, I cannot find out any thing sublime. Only think of a fellow selling his razors, and then setting up for a great man!

Augustus.—Oh, decidedly nasty. A man who is never cut by his razor, will soon be cut by his friends.

All.—Ha, ha, ha.—*N. B. The joke was the Emperor's.*

Horace.—Well, Gentlemen, I see that I must give up this ode, as not being either very philosophical or very sublime. But surely you do not mean to deny that on other subjects I generally write elegantly, and with interest. For instance, now, there's the ode beginning.—

We were here interrupted by a toast from the chair; and as the conversation now takes another turn, I shall defer an account of its progress till I next have the honour of signing myself,

Your old Correspondent,

VARIUS.

THE ARBITRATOR.—No. VII.

ON THE SATIRIST.

THAT miserable Magazine, *The Satirist, or Monthly Meteor*, still continues to disgrace the periodical press of this country, by pouring fourth a constant mass of foul abuse, and ignorant malignity. It was our intention to have preserved a contemptuous silence on the subject of this publication, because we were afraid that by allotting a place on our pages for the notice of such a thing, we should bestow upon it a respectability that would never be acquired for it by any merits of its own. It is probably from a design of provoking us into animadversion, that the proprietors of this vulgar Magazine have pursued and still continue to pursue their system of attack: their purpose at last is gained, for we now are prepared to spend two or three pages upon them. And this we do, not because we have any intention of entering into a contention with them, for no clean man would wrestle with a chimney-sweeper; but because we wish our readers to understand that the silence of our Magazine has not arisen from conscious weakness, nor the loudness of *The Satirist* from a frame of unusual vigour. The ass who brayed in the skin of a lion, was no better than other asses at last: and when *The Satirists* have poured forth their loudest bray, it is but the voice of Mr. Manners and Mr. Theodore Hook!

It is not regular in general to expose by name

the Proprietors of a work of this kind, because, by a long though tacit consent, the conductors of all periodical publications have been accustomed to treat each other with a gentlemanly forbearance. Like barristers they contended on different sides of the same question, and exposed the weak points of each others discourse: but they had all been long accustomed to avoid names and personalities, except Mr. Cobbett alone, whose unbounded vulgarity entitles him to an exception from every liberal principle of literary conduct. But now Mr. Cobbett has gained some proselytes: for Mr. Manners, who was, and we suppose still continues to be, the Editor of *The Satirist*, has published private names and anecdotes belonging and relating to authors concerned in several periodical works. Among the number of individuals thus foolishly, maliciously, and gratuitously held up to the observation of the public, are some of the Gentlemen concerned in *Le Beau Monde*; and if these Satirists dislike a public specification, they will hereafter be careful how they specify others, most particularly persons who have never provoked even their easily irritated dispositions. The cur long continues to bark at the horse's heel, before the nobler animal condescends to turn; but, at last, the snappish thing is reminded of his folly by a kick on the nose, and the passengers laugh at his disgrace.

Mr. Manners is the author of a play called *Edgar, or Caledonian Feuds*, a piece that was acted two years ago, for the benefit of Miss Smith; and his character, as far as we can collect, from the testimony of his acquaintances, is that of a good-natured man trying to be ill-natured. Indeed, his magazine bears the internal evidence of this; for never, to be sure, was ill-nature so totally harmless as poor Mr. Manners's. Why will Mr. Manners, who hitherto, if we are rightly informed, has followed the profession of a gentleman, deviate into the trade of a critic? There are very few instances in which critical and gentlemanly composition are found together, and certainly *The Satirist* affords little example of their union. Mr. Manners may, perhaps, have heard that every author ought to be a gentleman—but he is very much mistaken if he imagines that, *e converso*, every gentleman ought to be an author. He is said to be a man of family, and, therefore, we suppose that nature intended him for a gentleman; but *The Satirist* is a work of nonsense, and, therefore, we do not imagine that nature could have meant him for an author.

Mr. Theodore Hook too has had pieces acted; but as he has acknowledged himself to be a Proprietor of *The Satirist*, he will, probably, get no more of his productions brought forward. For it is said, upon pretty good authority, that this young gentleman waited on the Managers this year, with a piece, and was asked whether he did not write in *The Satirist*; he confessed the fact, and was laconically informed that his piece was at his own disposal. Indeed, it was hardly to be expected that Mr. Sheridan's Theatre would act the work of an author, who, either by himself, or by his partners, was always abusing Mr. Sheridan in print, personally as well as politically.

The pieces which Mr. Hook has prepared for the theatre, have been principally Melodramas—such as *Tekeli*, *The Fortress*, &c. which are translations from the French, with a few alterations. And in this same magazine of *The Satirist*, where Mr Sheridan has been so unmercifully belaboured, Mr. Hook seems to have contrived a most ingenious deception. The First Number abused Mr. Hook's own melodrama of *The Fortress*, and of course nobody supposed that Mr. Hook had any thing to do with the work. Afterwards, it was understood that this very author is a proprietor of *The Satirist*, and we have even been informed, though we cannot positively vouch for this fact, that the theatrical criticisms themselves, which abuse so many of Mr. Hook's acquaintance, have been seen at the printer's, in the hand-writing of that gentleman. It would be but a friendly part in some of those persons who may have an influence with this young proprietor, to recommend the study of grammar, as a preparatory step to criticism, and to make the slasher of other peoples reputation, consider how far his own may be vulnerable. For this literary Achilles, no doubt, has some little spot about him where an arrow may enter; and if any body should, in right-earnest, hit him very hard in that open place, his glory may possibly walk lame the rest of its life.

We do not find that *The Satirist* has at all improved either in its matter or in its language. Its matter is chiefly abuse, and its language perpetually nonsense. The last number is lying before us: we will say a few words on its contents.

The Diversions of Purley, an article that begins the book, is a tissue of illiberal and unjustifiable personalities; and contains a few puns on people's names. Then follows a letter from Anthony Aristarchus, who inveighs against wretched versifiers. To him we may fairly

ascribe the merit which Pope has attributed to Longinus, for his treatise on the sublime: since this man, as well as Longinus, is himself the very thing he paints. This Aristarchus seems to be *a critic only in his name*: and he is well supported: for then follows a copy of verses which appear to be written by a man who is *a poet only in his rhyme*. There is a letter from somebody who signs himself Flagellantus: a letter that a good deal reminds us of the patriotic passages that are put into the modern plays for clap-traps. But these Satirists have not the merit of originality even in their best articles: they wash the plates of other writers, and serve up the orts for a feast to their own readers. About four months ago we published a mock melo-drama, which probably suggested the idea of bringing forward the wretched translation from the French, that has lately been acted at Covent Garden. In the following month, we believe, *The Satirist* published a mock melo-drama. Two months ago, a Sunday Paper called *The Examiner*, published a burlesque upon Prospectusses: last month *The Satirist* published a burlesque upon Prospectusses too. There is in the same number a thing in imitation of quack advertisements: but so despicably ill done, that a reader of strong constitution would rather swallow all the drugs in Apothecaries' Hall, and all the adscititious messes that Brodum, Solomon, Daffy, and De Velno ever compounded in their hottest moments of medical inspiration, than go through a second perusal of this dull "piece of "humour." The Satirists likewise give something called Cambridge rhetoric; a wretched piece of slang, which they call upon collegians to explain, because, say they, it is long since we "were at Cambridge ourselves." So long, we have no doubt, that probably many of the party have actually by this time forgotten that they ever were there at all. This conjecture of ours will be supported by some specimens with which we shall have occasion to illustrate their learning.

Their great trust, for this number, appears to have been placed in their Review of Mr. Scott's *Marmion*: on which they have bestowed eight pages of their "invaluable room." The first of these pages contains the following notable sentence:—

"Messrs. Southey, Lewis, Wordsworth, "Lambe, Coleridge, *cum multis aliis ineptibus*, "taking a wilder and a bolder range, have "severally published in all the pride, pomp, "and circumstance of authorship, romances "old and new, mystic tales, lyrical ballads, "and trite monodies."

Cum multis aliis ineptibus! Gentle reader, were we not right in saying, that the Satirists must have left Cambridge a long while? *Ineptibus* the ablative plural of the adjective *ineptus!* As to the phrase in general, which means *with many other stupid fellows*, we shall leave it to our readers to judge how far such men as Mr. Southey and Mr. Lewis, or even Messrs. Wordsworth, Lambe, and Coleridge, though they do publish a great deal of nonsense with their good matter, can be said to deserve the title of blockheads.

The Satirists, in this review of *Marmion*, proceed to say, that they would willingly spare persons, and attack only faults: but they continue, "it may not be: for the varied fool-"eries of our time are so prurient, that any "mitigated procedure on our part would in-"stantly be hailed by thousands of puny au-"thors as a tacit dereliction of our engage-"ment." This throws a new light into the dark corners of the literary world: for we had no notion, that, in any obscure nook, there could be authors so puny, as to care whether *The Satirist* said any thing or nothing of their writings. But of course, as *The Satirist* says there are such poor weak people, the fact must be so! O mighty Satirist, to be so terrible to little men! Hearest thou, reader, "this Tri-"ton of the Minnows?"

"*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*," says *The Satirist*, "considered as a whole, *is certainly a* "*very heavy performance.* It has justly been "observed, we believe by Johnson, that *tedi-*"*ousness* in an author is the most fatal of all "faults, &c. &c." If *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* were heavy, what is entertaining? If those lines were tedious, what is interesting? Why nothing is entertaining but the pages of *The Satirist*, and that to nobody but the people that write in it: and nothing is interesting but the sale of *The Satirist*, and that to nobody but the people that profit by it. The ignorance of the writer who calls *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, with all its faults, a heavy performance, can be equalled only by his vulgarity, when he says of Mr. Scott himself:

"We are terribly inclined, διαβέλλω: either "to fear that this poor man is, alas! fast ap-"proaching to second childhood; or to guess "that he indolently blurted out this doleful "ditty and truly delectable romance, merely "to amuse those precious "*imps*" whom he "so sweetly immortalizes in his epistle to

" William Stewart Rose, Esq." viz. his own children.

Now does it become a writer to call the author of *Marmion* (which nevertheless we candidly own is a poem that we ourselves completely disapprove) " a poor man," on the verge of " second childhood?" Or is there any criticism in the ill-mannered sneer that is conveyed by the word *precious*, as applied to the children?

But perhaps the masterpiece of vulgar abuse, the performance which may most fairly challenge all the grossnesses that ever glared in the annals of scurrility, is the article entitled, " *Mr. Brandon's Falsehoods.*" Mr. Brandon, it seems, is of the Jewish persuasion, and the article begins with the following liberal piece of national remark:

MOTTO.

" I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
" And smote him thus." *Othello.*

" Since the days when they were so scattered " abroad over the face of the earth to prey up- " on other nations, the Jews have been noto- " rious for their contempt of truth, and their " devotion to fraud and falsehood!"

At the distance of only eight lines after this, *The Satirist* ventures to say,

" In punishing his delinquencies, we shall " endeavour to restrain our indignation from " betraying us into the use of any language un- " worthy our *characters as gentlemen*, although " to make ourselves understood and felt by the " dull and degraded object of our animadver- " sions, &c."

The character of *The Satirist* for gentlemanly language is, like its character for ability, entirely a character of its own imagination: but the very next page shews how well it deserves a high character for gentlemanly language, whether it possess such a character or not.

" He (Mr. Brandon) relates an anecdote, " which Barabbas-like (now Barabbas was a " *Robber*) he stole from *The Satirist*."

Gentlemanly indeed! and equally gentlemanly are these passages:

" For Mr. Brandon and his opinions we have " the most thorough contempt."

" We defy Mr. Brandon, bold as he is in " falsehood, &c."

" If the moral Mr. Brandon thought the " work so horrible, and the virtue-monger " publishers (heaven only knows what the poor " man means by this expression), such men as " Bacon (the devil surely put Bacon into the " Israelite's mouth) finely described by " fel- " lows who would set their neighbour's house " on fire to roast their own egg!" How came he " to be so anxious to become one of their num- " ber?"

" He will be henceforward distinguished as " the most notorious blockhead, and the most " impudent perverter of truth, that ever wield- " ed the quill of a kindred goose."

Was ever printed such a string of coarse, libellous, and atrocious abuse? Billingsgate must now surrender the palm of denuncicative eloquence, and Messrs. Manners and Company become the proverbially cited heroes of every foul-mouthed accomplishment.

We have pointed out one instance of their disgraceful ignorance of Latin; we insert an anecdote in which they are witty upon other people's ignorance. The devil is prone, observes the Proverb, to the rebuking of sin.

" Our readers," says this Satirist, " may re- " collect having seen in *The Courier*, about two " months ago, several letters signed " Anser " Capitolinus," an appellation alluding to a re- " markable event in the Roman history. But " what we are about to relate, is intended " principally to point out the rapid approaches " which we are making towards Mr. C——'s " millenium of classic ignorance, and that al- " ready a proper degree of disrespect to the " ancients is beginning to manifest itself. Very " lately a Reverend Rector, in full possession " of the blessing of a rich benefice, invited to " dinner a brother of the cloth. A young gen- " tleman of liberal education was also of the " party, who, among other topics of conver- " sation, introduced politics, observing that he " had that morning been perusing a letter in " *The Courier*, signed Anser Capitolinus, justly " so called, for a *capital answer* it was indeed.— " Hold, Sir, says the Parson, you misconstrue " the Latin. Anser, I remember, is Latin for " a *goose*: but Capitolinus, Doctor, must be " translated, *capital*, addressing himself to his " worthy host across the table, who, by the " bye, felt a more than Roman attachment for " the fowl, and was at that moment lacerating " and masticating the wing of a very fine gan- " der. Capital goose, certainly it is, exclaim- " ed he. His guests understanding this as his " learned decision on their question, bowed in " silent acquiescence."

After this story, which leaves us in doubt whether the Doctor heard the question at all: after the phrase more than Roman attachment, as applied to eating, which, to be sure, is a little unintelligible to any body that remembers how sacredly geese were considered in Rome for their preservation of the Capitol: and after all the concomitant remarks on modern ignorance: any body would suppose that

the Editor of *The Satirist* knew the second declension of Latin nouns from the fourth. But what says the long article on Prospectusses in this very Number? why it employs the word Prospectus in the plural, not with the English termination of an additional *ses*, as usual; not with the Latin termination which varies from the termination of the singular only in the superadded circumflex, the usual accompaniment of plural nominatives in the fourth declension; but with that termination which the word Prospectus would make, if it were of the second declension of Latin nouns! Yes, gentle scholar, instead of *the new and splendid Prospectusses*, or more pedantically Prospectûs, *which are now daily disclosed*, we find in *The Satirist* these words: "the new and splendid Prospecti, "which are daily disclosed!!!" Prospecti! How is the grammar forgotten! How is the head of poor Priscian fractured! *Prospecti* and *ineptibus* are in one Number, and that too the same Number in which the moderns are attacked for their ignorance of Latin!

We are quite tired of this stuff. Except a few pages signed with the letter C. there is nothing in the book that seems to rise above the contemptible: And when such trash is published from month to month, with scarcely any attraction but a flaring crimson wrapper, we cannot help observing (for against such an enemy even a pun is a lawful weapon), that the cover is likely to have an advantage over the contents, since it must be *read* (i. e. *red*) when the literature is forgotten.

TO THE EDITOR OF LE BEAU MONDE.

Mr. Editor,

CALLING a few days ago upon an old friend of mine, who is so busily engaged in writing advice for mankind in their different professions, that his own affairs are totally neglected, and which he hopes soon to present to them, in all the charms of hot-pressing double pica, and broad margins, I thought his advice to Painters would be particularly *apropos* at this present crisis, when so many *Rival Galleries*, are opening their doors to the liberal patronage of a fostering public: with some difficulty I have prevailed on him, to make your literary Magazine, the vehicle for his present advice in hopes that it may not be too late for the edification of these dealers in canvass. Your's, *X.*

TO PAINTERS.

Bold is that wight who would attempt to *delineate* the great delineators of human nature; how then shall I, who scarcely know the pallet from the maulstick, pretend even to *sketch* your outline? Yet as the rudest designers, with the assistance of a burnt stick, have sometimes the art of scratching wonderful likenesses, I may perhaps be enabled to give some relief and brilliancy to your *chiaro obscuro*, by throwing in a few dark shades.

The cobler once was capable of giving advice to the statuary, then——but not unmindful of "*ne sutor ultra crepidam*," I shall thus begin:—

It is most likely that the *furor pictandi*, or rage of designing, has seized you in early life, and that your first public exhibitions *in chalk*, on the garden walls, have excited the admiration of your partial friends, who, not dismayed by your strict regard to the second commandment, felt the happiest forebodings of your future excellence. Early praises act as the bellows to the first sparks of *genius*, but should they fail to elicit *that* flame, they are in general very efficacious in kindling *another*; and this *last* is very *useful* through life, and very often supplies the place of the first—were it not so, bare indeed would be the walls of our annual exhibitions.

By the bye, I am afraid that these said exhibitions very unjustly claim the merit of being the patrons of the art, and the stimulants to graphic fame; for my own part I am more disposed to allow this merit to our distilleries—Distilleries! the Dilletanti will exclaim, Ah! *che barbaro!* Did Raphael bow the knee to Bacchus, or Angelica Kauffman drink drams? Did Salvator Rosa frequent hedge alehouses, or Hannibal Caracci fuddle away his evenings at the Goose and Gridiron?—Neither my good friends, but hear my syllogism; distilleries encourage gin-shops, that is my *major*, my *minor* is self-evident, that gin shops require *signs*, and thereby encourage Painters; *Ergo*, distilleries encourage, &c. Q. E. D.

Having thus analysed the *spirit* of Painting, we will revert to the young artist, who by the assistance of some rural professor, has made such rapid advances in his art, that an accurate connoisseur *may* distinguish between his houses,

and hay-stacks, and even know a corn-field from a horse-pond, particularly if in colours.

The youthful Zeuxis must now recollect that all *fine* painting depends on one thing alone.—Cicero when asked the first necessary qualification for an orator, replied, "action,"—the second, "action," &c.: so in painting the first is "effect"—the second, "effect"—the third, "effect most certainly." Let all his attempts therefore be to produce effect; as for *Nature* she, careless wench, may be forgotten. Now, the readiest way, to produce effect, is by that arch secret—*contrast*: therefore, whether in perspective linear, or aerial, let *contrast* be your guide. In pursuance of this maxim, let your trees be *all* green, and your water *all* blue, and let the *shadows* in the latter, be exact in colour and in outline with the original, by which means we may know what they represent; otherwise some *natural* philosopher might suppose your trees were cabbages growing downwards. Wherever you have water, we shall naturally expect a bridge; this is another fine subject for contrast, a *white* bridge, and a white reflection, will save you *ultra-marine*, and enable you to shew your abilities as a stone-mason: this you will perhaps say is rather a *heavy* simile, however you need not be ashamed of appearing as a lithotomist or a stone-cutter, when one of our greatest modern history painters, has copied with such success from the *bricklayers*.

In pursuance of this grand rule of *contrast*, your horizon must glow like the blacksmith's forge, and your mountains in the distance must be clothed in a bright suit of purple; your cultivated grounds will be as ripe for the sickle as orpiment can make them, whilst green and brown, by their united efforts, shall *bring forth* the fore-ground. You will also observe that contrast *in size*, is sometimes as necessary as in tint, and that a man or a jackass, judicially placed, may prevent your trees from being mistaken for cauliflowers.

From a spirited inattention to this last rule, many mistakes have happened; a cat has appeared as a tyger, and a waggon been large enough to carry away a church. In the arrangement of your figures also, you will display contrast in your *grouping*, you may therefore borrow an assassin from Salvator Rosa, a drunken boor from Teniers, and if in want of a gipsey, or a soldier's trull, Guido will supply you with a Madona. Perhaps your genius may soar above the vulgar fame of a mere copyist, in that case you may venture to study nature; this may be easily done in the country, but if your less fortunate stay have placed you in some narrow lane, or gloomy court in the metropolis, where day-light seldom enters, and where the sombre myrtle, the gaudy mignionette, or coquettish scarlet-bean wear out a sickly existence on your window frame, your sphere of observation will be indeed a confined one; but true genius will rise superior to these trifles, the painter's eye like the poet's, can look beyond reality. If you cannot apply to *nature*, yet *art* has not refused her assistance, the greatest painters have not disdained to use the layman for *human* figures, then why should ingenuity be cramped in catching the resemblances of others; two chairs and a carpet thrown over, may form an outline for a horse or a cow, with this caution, that they must not be too accurately copied, otherwise the animal might have *eight* legs instead of four.

Should you require a sketch of a *Paisanne*, your milkwoman will serve, whilst waiting at your door for her score; your groupes for a fishing scene may be taken from the nocturnal oyster venders, in a cold winter's night, and you can never be at a loss for a witch of Endor, when your week's ashes are on the neighbouring dungheap.

(To be continued.)

LA BONNE BOUCHE.

MONKISH ERUDITION.

WHEN Don Carlos of Spain, succeeded to the Dukedom of Tuscany, his Confessor, a Spanish Monk, was invited to see the Medicean Library, a collection of books, the most magnificent, and most valuable in Europe. The Tuscan literati, as well as the literary foreigners then residing at Florence, were assembled on the occasion, in honour of this holy brother.

The Confessor was received with all respect due to such a *learned* character; but at his entrance he stopped short, and turning round to

the Librarian, inquired if the library possessed the book on the *Seven Trumpets!*. He was answered in the negative, and the assembled literati, on being applied to, confessed that *they* had never heard of such a work.—"Mighty "well," said the profound Confessor, "I "would not give a whiff of tobacco for your "whole library."

It was afterwards found that these *Seven Trumpets*, whose sound had not yet reached the ears of the learned, were the subject of a book of pious apochryphal legends, published by a Franciscan Friar, in Spanish, for the use of the great and little superstitious vulgar in that country.

ANECDOTE OF MR. WILKES.

At the commencement of a public dinner at Guildhall, on Lord Mayor's Day, Mr. Chamberlain Wilkes lisped out, "Mr. Alderman "B——ll, shall I help you to a plate of turtle, "or a slice of the haunch. I am within reach "of both?"

"Neither one nor t'other, I thank you, "Sir," replied the Alderman, "I think I "shall dine on the beans and bacon, which "are at this end of the table." "Mr. Alder"man A——n, which would you chuse, Sir?" continued the Chamberlain. "Sir, I will not "trouble you for either, for I believe I shall "follow the example of my brother B——ll, "and dine on beans and bacon," was the reply. On this second refusal, the old Chamberlain rose from his seat, and with every mark of astonishment in his countenance, curled up the corners of his mouth, cast his eyes around the table, and in a voice as loud and articulate as he was able, called "Silence;" which being obtained, he then addressed the Prætorian Magistrate, who sat in the chair: "My Lord Mayor, "the wicked have accused us of intemperance, "and branded us with the imputation of *glut*"*tony*; that they may be put to open shame, "and their profane tongues be from this day "utterly silenced, I humbly move that your "Lordship command the proper officer to re"cord in our annals—*that two Aldermen of* "*the City of London prefer beans and bacon* "*to either venison or turtle soup.*"

ANECDOTE OF DRUNKENNESS, OR THE FATAL CHOICE.

In a book published about a century and a half ago, is the following anecdote:—"Once "uponne a tyme, the Divelle was permitted "to tempte a yonge manne. Sathanne had noe "sooner power gyven hym than hee didde ap"peere in the guyze of a grave bencher of "Graies Inne, and didde tell himme that hee "was impoweryd to compelle hys doing one "of these three thynges; eyther he shoulde "morthere hys fathere; lie wythe hys mo"there; or gette dronke. The younge manne "shockyd atte the two first proposycyons, "didde ymbrace the laste. He gotte verie "dronke, and in thatte state havying neyther "the use of reasonne, nor the dredde of sinne, "hee was guyltie offe bothe the unnaturralle "deedes hee hadde before soe shudderydde "atte; and for his naughtinesse, and wycked"nesse hee was hangydde."

The following letter was written by the then Earl of Derby, to Oliver Cromwell. It is couched in strong terms of disatisfaction towards the Usurper, and breathes an heroic spirit and loyalty to his sovereign.

I received your letter with indignation, and with scorn I return you this answer; that I cannot but wonder whence you should gather hopes from me, that I should (like you) prove treacherous to my sovereign, since you cannot be insensible of my former actions in his late Majesty's service, from which principle of loyalty I am no ways departed. I scorn your proffers—I disdain your favour—I abhor your treasons, and am so far from delivering this island to your advantage, that I will keep it to the utmost of my power to your destruction. Take this final answer, and forbear any further solicitations: for if you trouble me with any more messengers upon this occasion, I will burn the paper and hang the bearer. This is the immutable resolution, and shall be the undoubted practice of him who accounts it his chiefest glory to be

His Majesty's most loyal,
And obedient servant,
(Signed) DERBY.

Castletown, July 12, 1619.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

A FEW OBSERVATIONS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF THE NATION,

IN A LETTER TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEDFORD. BY THE REV. F. RANDOLPH, M.A.

(Continued from page 211.)

WE resume that general estimate of public affairs which we took an opportunity of introducing in the former portion of our remarks on Dr. Randolph's Pamphlet: and having already treated of the country's external condition, we shall now speak of the primary causes of its internal state, and of those causes which act upon it by a less instantaneous operation.

On agriculture and manufactures, and on the encouragement which may be afforded to the latter by commerce, Dr. Randolph has largely discoursed; he has not discussed the question with much strength, but he has endeavoured to make amends for his deficiency in force by his prodigality in language. We cannot here afford sufficient space for a discussion of the comparative importance of these sources of revenue to a state; nor indeed in taking so general a view as the present, is it necessary to treat this very abstract question. We shall only observe, as we pass, that he has run into the very gross mistake, which Mr. Spence in his late pamphlet has laboured to propagate, and which the Edinburgh Reviewers have completely exposed, that a commerce of import brings no accession of wealth to the country, and that the gain upon the export trade is very small. The worthy Doctor then makes a most indignant attack upon the whole system of 'Change Alley: he hurls his vengeance at the heads of all the private individuals in the kingdom, who are making fortunes in a greedy way, and quotes scripture prophetically against them. The discouragement of individual vice is exceedingly right and proper as coming from a clergyman: but we are afraid that the vices of the few are but too conducive to the interests of the many: that in a political point of view therefore they hardly are to be ranked among national evils: and that as the age of miracles appears to be passed, the example of Tyre and Sidon will not operate as a very powerful warning on the minds of the British people. The Reverend Author concludes his work by a proposition of a very intelligible and simple kind, viz. that every body in this country shall assist in a contribution for redeeming 250 millions, that is one-fifth, of the national debt, at one grand effort. To be sure the idea is not new: but then the Doctor's arguments in its support are all of a corresponding antiquity: and we have no doubt that the measure is likely to be so very popular, the present ministers, who have a decided taste for doing something, will easily persuade the people into it.

It is impossible for us, on these subjects, to say much that can be very interesting to our readers: for we do not perceive that the agriculture or the manufactures of the country are at this moment in such a situation, as to render necessary a detailed investigation of the causes which have brought them to their actual state, and as to the recent diminutions of its commerce and augmentations of its debt, which, however we may regret them, we cannot consider to be calamities quite so desperate as some people would represent them, those diminutions and augmentations are ascribable to exactly the same causes which have produced the unfortunate condition of our interests abroad.

So much for our internal affairs: and we have chosen to consider the commerce of a country as one of its internal affairs, because though in its progress it is employed abroad, yet its object is entirely the *internal* aggrandizement of the nation from which it emanates and to which it reverts. The remaining causes, which ought to have been considered by a writer who professes to discuss the general state of the nation, are principally of a description yet more ambiguous, and, though their appearance exist at home, operate most powerfully on our interests abroad, if not so immediately and sensibly as those of which we have hitherto spoken.

The first and greatest of these subjects is the Catholic Emancipation. On this question we have several times appealed to the country, and on this question we are determined still to appeal, until the eyes of government shall be opened to the danger if not to the injustice of religious exclusion. From the justice of any large body of men, particularly such men as

usually compose the administration of a country, we are well aware that little can be expected: but we have a right to demand policy, because policy is a qualification by no means unprecedented in the moral history of cabinets. Four millions of British subjects are cut off from the rights of Britons, at a time when the country is threatened with actual invasion. We hear the ministers complaining of the difficulties of obtaining recruits for the army; and yet an immense population of brave and vigorous men are left out of the calculation altogether. By the confession of the Anti-Catholics themselves, the proportion of Catholics, who serve in the Irish regiments, is that of one-fourth to the whole: the proportion of Catholics to the whole population of the country is that of near three-fourths: and still the Catholics are suffered to labour under the cruel interdictions of our bigotry and selfishness. When the Irish Catholics are treated by their country as men, perhaps they will serve their country as soldiers: at present they cannot but feel that they have no motive for enlistment, and that it is useless to incur dangers for the sake of avoiding a change which cannot deteriorate their condition. In the mean time, we are not only losing the advantage of Catholic aids, but we are actually obliged to employ our own efficient troops in Ireland to fight against those very people who might have been led against the common enemy, to fight at once for us and for themselves.

This is not in fact a party question, though it has been treated as one. Men of the greatest talents, on all sides, have agreed in the expediency as well as in the justice of the Catholic Emancipation: Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, opposed on almost every other great subject, were here in unison—But authorities are necessary to be quoted only with weak minds: with those who can judge for themselves, the opinions even of the greatest of men will be nothing in comparison with the dictates of reason, of justice, of nature, and of God!

There is another question, very nearly connected with this, which we can make many allowances for a clergyman's unwillingness to discuss: we mean the present system of tythes. The hardships of this system fall, not merely on the Catholics, but on every class of those who differ from the Churchmen of the State: and even the persons who profess the established religion are too often alienated from the Church by the oppressive and irritating means that are adopted in the exaction of the tythes. Two regulations are necessary for the remedy of these grievances. The first should overthrow the principle of universal contribution for a partial religion, by appropriating, as is the case in America, the sum advanced by each individual for the benefit of the place of worship to which that individual belongs. The second should preserve the established Church, which is professedly a part of the state, from the odium into which the immediate demands of the clergy have brought it, by collecting a composition in lieu of tythes, through the hands of the officers of the government itself. These officers having collected this branch of the public revenue, should distribute it, according to the proper rates, to the respective clergymen who would be entitled to it, giving to the teacher of every sect that proportion which might accrue by the contributions of his own followers. Let no short-sighted person come forward, to argue that such an impartiality of distribution would militate against the interests of the established Church: the established Church can never gain security as it now stands, when the jealousy of sects, unconnected with it in doctrine, is excited by the necessity of supporting it by contribution. It will be urged that the actual revenue of the Church will be diminished by the whole sum that may be spared to the Catholics and Dissenters: but if it be in fact necessary to keep up the enormous revenue of the Church for the maintenance of lazy deans and princely bishops, is it not more just that the burthen shall be borne by those whose benefit is alleged as the object of the establishment, than by Catholics and Dissenters, who have teachers of their own to maintain? Let nobody fear that the dignity of the present church establishment is likely to suffer, even by a diminution of its revenue to the full extent of the whole collective payment of the Catholics and Dissenters; there will still be quite enough to support all the Ministers of the Gospel who are really employed in administering the Gospel: and the established religion must always have in dignity an infinite preponderance over every other religion in this kingdom, from the promotion which it is capable of bestowing, and from the situation which its bishops enjoy in the great hereditary council of the nation. As to persons in the clerical profession, paying but a tenth, nay sometimes only a twentieth part of their stipend, to curates who for sums so small perform almost the whole duty of the benefices, no man who speaks candidly and disinterestedly can conceive that the nation is served by the splendid support of these worse than unproductive

labourers, these sources of reproach to their country's distributive economy, and of odium to the humble religion they profess. The magnificence which the great enjoy has its use, for temporal ambition must be encouraged by reward, and the minds of the people must be awed by pomp: but ambition is foreign to the spirit of religion, and the simplicity of a Christian teacher is totally distant from pomp: a comfortable maintenance is requisite in order to set the clergy above the necessity of earthly employments: but grandeur and honours can serve only to intoxicate them with the follies of a world which they ought not to value. If none of the clergy were wealthy, all might enjoy a competence: the bishops themselves should only be affluent enough to command respect in the council to which they are delegated for the guardianships of religion: and the clergy in general should be contented with the consideration, that their treasure is in a world to come!

These doctrines, we are aware, will be thought bold, and by many even dangerous: but we are not in the situation of a courtier who wishes to secure favour from the great, or of a minister who fears to lose the support of the clergy—therefore we say publicly what we think will be of public benefit, and we call upon our readers to judge our conduct fairly. If they are not convinced by our reasons, at least they will acknowledge that those reasons are built upon liberal principles: and we trust that our sentiments have never been such as to bring upon us the imputation of dislike to our King and Constitution.

The military system, as it respects the mode of recruiting the army, of promotion and encouragement in the service, and of the discipline and study of tactics for foreign employment, should also have occupied some place on the pages of Dr. Randolph's pamphlet. The subject is surely not unimportant, in a treatise on the state of the nation. Our limits prevent us from bestowing upon it the discussion that it deserves: but it ought not to have been overlooked by our author.

We have now enumerated most of the principal topics which relate to our condition abroad, which concern our interests at home, and which operate at once both on our foreign and domestic happiness. There are indeed several other subjects, not in themselves uninteresting nor unimportant, but which (not demanding so immediate a consideration, on account of any present dangers or discontents they might occasion) have been very fairly omitted by Dr. Randolph. Among these are the effects of the present system of poor laws, and the proposals for a plan of cheap and general education.

The confined views of the worthy Doctor are not, however, his only blame: he has sins of *commission* as well as of *omission*. Thus we have little errors of grammar, as in p. 30:

"The boasted Lords of the Ocean know not "a place where their vessels in distress could "procure a supply of water or provisions; "nor a creek, out of the reach of cannon, *where* "they could even run *to*, for shelter in a "storm."

"*Where* they could run *to!*" Oh Dr. Randolph!

Here we have a preposition and an adverb, when the adverb, *whither*, would alone have been sufficient. But this is not the only instance of the Doctor's verbal generosity, for in a sentence on the very next page we have as superfluous a prodigality of nominative: when instead of saying, *The being able to follow Bonaparte's example is no enviable gratification*, his reverence, forgetting the admonitions of his schoolmaster, gives us the pronoun *it* into the bargain:

"*It* is no enviable gratification, *the* being "able to follow his example."

In the sequel of the same sentence, he confounds the *strength* of Sampson with Sampson himself, and treats that gallant Israelite as an article of expenditure:

"Nor is there much consolation in the re- "vengeful idea, that because the sinews of our "strength are weakened as far at least as the "suspension of mercantile profits can weaken "them, the last remains of it shall, *Sampson* "*like*, *be expended* in pulling down the com- "mercial edifice, and burying ourselves beneath "its ruins."

Was Sampson expended in pulling down the Philistine building? or was it not rather the strength of Sampson that was expended, and Sampson himself that was buried beneath the ruins?

We shall add but one more instance from the many inaccuracies of this work: it is a passage in which, by a bold and most poetical phraseology, empires are treated like persons, and graves like dead bodies:

"Our field of battle is now strewed with the "graves of departed empires!"

Why the Doctor's own Sexton could have told him that bones, nay whole bodies, and even a little loose mould with them, may be scattered over a green sward; but that really

to represent a field as strewed with graves, is contrary to all the canons of the church-yard.

Upon the whole, after considering the Doctor's progress in this letter to the Duke of Bedford—after perceiving how many topics he has neglected to notice, and how little information or amusement he has afforded in the discussion of those that he has noticed—after observing the looseness of his grammatical style—after feeling the inaccuracies of his illustrative passages—and after remarking the very affectionate terms in which he addresses his noble correspondent—the only fact of any general importance or interest that we have been able to gather is, that Dr. Randolph is very intimate with the Duke of Bedford.

MARMION, A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD.

BY WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

AMONG the poets of the present day, Mr. Scott holds a situation of flattering pre-eminence. He originally became known to the literary world as Editor of the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, and author of a few ballads in Mr. M. G. Lewis's collection of Tales: and rose into greatness immediately after the publication of that celebrated Poem, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

We confess that we are not among the number of those who gave unqualified admiration to *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.* It was a poem containing many beautiful passages, but it was not a beautiful poem: It was written in a language that professed to be antique, but in a language which our forefathers would not have understood; it often delighted the imagination, it sometimes even interested the heart, but it never exalted the soul. Therefore we always believed that Mr. Scott deserved to be placed not among those great geniusses who start up once in a century, to astonish mankind, but among those minor poets who join an accurate observation to a feeling heart, and please by describing what they have seen and admired. Those who have been accustomed to hail him as a poet of first-rate ability, from a perusal of his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, will find by his *Marmion*, how much they have been deceived. The highly-wrought productions of taste and fancy that glittered in his former poem, might easily, by a mind unaccustomed to poetical analysis, be mistaken for the genuine lustre of sterling genius: but in *Marmion* the deception will be discovered, for *Marmion* is composed of the same materials, not so well manufactured: and not being so well manufactured, they will betray their own actual value. Great praise is undoubtedly due to an author for taste and fancy: but mere taste and fancy do not entitle a poet to take rank among men of first-rate genius. Taste and fancy are, indeed, the flowering shrubs of Parnassus: but genius is the forest tree: Let each have the honours that it merits.

We have said that the taste and fancy of Mr. Scott do not appear to so much advantage in this as in his former poem. And of this inferiority there appear to have been several causes. In the first place Mr. Scott, when he published his former poem, had his reputation still to make, and in order to accomplish that object, most probably took some pains with his work. Now his reputation is already made, and it is said that his inducement to the composition of *Marmion* was the offer of a thousand or eleven hundred pounds for "*a poem.*" It is hardly necessary to point out the difference between a poet who writes for fame, and a poet who writes for emolument. He who labours for uncertain glory, knows that he must produce a large proportion of beauties: he who labours for a stipulated profit, considers that he has only to write a great number of lines. The one is anxious that his book shall make him: the other is eager only to make his book. In the second place, the great fame that Mr. Scott has already gained, appears to have given him too high an idea of his own perfection. We find him in the introduction to the third canto of *Marmion*, on which we shall presently say something further, disclaiming all intention of correcting himself: and he who is above correction, must generally fall beneath honour. In the third place, the similarity of the subjects he has selected, which are both of them old border stories, gives occasion to a great sameness and monotony, as well of description as of style; he appears to have exhausted his best stores on his first production: and even if *Marmion* were really as striking and poetical in its imagery as the former poem, yet to those who had read that former poem, it never could

be equally agreeable. For this style itself is not natural: its novelty and singularity might make one poem popular; but the fashion of a style which is founded on the caprice of a writer, must always fade with the caprice of the public: and he alone who models his system of writing upon those great and immoveable works which have stood firm against the stream of time past, may hope to raise a pile that shall withstand the current of centuries to come.

As the celebrity of Mr. Scott has created a very general curiosity about his new poem of *Marmion*, we shall make no apology for the length of this article: and as the price of *Marmion* is so large as to place it beyond the convenient purchase of many readers, we shall preface our investigation of its individual merits by a sketch of the story on which it is built. Mr. Scott, in his advertisement, seems to flatter himself that his fable will be found interesting as a narrative; but we think that our readers, on perusing the following outline of the story, will feel that *Marmion* has no real claim upon their panegyric for the interest of its narration.

The poem is dedicated to Henry, Lord Montagu: it is composed of six cantos, and each canto is prefaced by a copy of verses, entitled an Introduction, which is addressed to some friend of the author.

In the first canto, entitled "The Castle," Lord Marmion, an ambassador from Henry the Eighth to James the Fourth of Scotland, is received by Sir Hugh the Heron, at Norham Castle. At supper, Marmion asks for a guide to the Scottish Court: a palmer of a commanding aspect undertakes to conduct him: the whole party go to bed: the next morning they get up again and set off. There ends the first canto.

In the second canto, entitled "The Convent," an abbess and some nuns are described as sailing from the Pile of St. Hilda at Whitby, to Lindisfarn, in order to try two criminals in a convent, according to the Benedictine code. They arrive at the place of destination, and after a good deal of talk among the nuns about matters in nowise concerning the object of the poem, the abbess, with two other presidents of convents, descends into a subterraneous vault to sit in judgment. The criminals are a nameless Monk, and Constance de Beverley, a nun who has broken her vows. Constance relates that for Marmion she fled from her convent, and followed him as his page: that Marmion became attached to Clara, a fairer and richer lady: that Clara was claimed by a lover whom Marmion impeached of treason: that the rivals fought, and Marmion conquered: that Clara, to avoid a marriage with Marmion, took refuge in a convent; that she, Constance, had planned the death of the innocent girl by poison, which the Monk was to administer; and that the cowardice of this accomplice has now betrayed himself and her. Constance delivers a packet to the Abbess, and imprecates vengeance on the heads of her judges for the sentence of death which they are preparing to pass upon her. The Abbot of St. Cuthbert pronounces the doom of the culprits, and with his compeers re-ascends to day-light; while Constance and the Monk are inclosed alive within four-stone walls, and abandoned to perish. The passing knell tolls.

In the third canto, entitled, "The Hostel or Inn," Marmion is described continuing his journey. He comes to an inn and alights for the night. The palmer has a commanding and mysterious look, which a little disconcerts Marmion and his train, as they sit round the fire, and Fitz-Eustace, one of Marmion's esquires, sings a ballad, which was a favourite with Constance when she attended as a page, and which describes the different fates of a true and of a faithless lover. Marmion, at its conclusion, declares that he seemed during the song to hear a bell, like that which is tolled for the departing soul of a nun, and asks what it may portend. The palmer, who has not spoken before during the whole day, answers "The death of a dear friend." Marmion's heart sinks within him, he thinks of Constance whom he has caused to be apprehended, and is stung with remorse for having given her into the hands of the Monks, though he does not suspect her life to be in danger. The host presently tells a story of a Scotch King having fought with an Elfin Knight, and heard his own fortune told by vanquishing the demon in the deserted circle of an old camp near the inn; and then they all retire to rest. Fitz-Eustace is awakened in the night by Marmion, who expresses a desire of viewing the scene of Elfin chivalry, and bids the esquire saddle him his steed. Marmion being equipped sets off, and Fitz-Eustace listens till the horse's tramp is out of hearing, not a little surprised at the credulity of such a man as Marmion. He waits till Marmion returns with his falcon-crest soiled by clay, and stains on the horse give proofs that the animal has not kept his footing sure. Marmion withdraws in silence, and the esquire musing returns to his resting place.

In the fourth canto, entitled "The Camp,"

the confusion in the stable gives rise to much discontent and conjecture among the attendants. The whole party pursue their journey, and are met by Sir David Lindesay, Lord Lion King at Arms, with other heraldic officers and a suitable train, sent to greet Marmion. Sir David informs the Baron, that though James, who is bent on war, has forbidden resort from England, yet his Majesty holds it shame to send back such a messenger, and has therefore directed that a fit lodging shall be provided, till his Majesty can find meet time to see him. Lord Marmion, though vexed at this delay, is obliged to endure it; and the palmer, finding himself no longer required as a guide, is about to retire, but Sir David fordids any of Marmion's band to sever from the train. At Crichtoun Castle, the appointed lodging, Marmion remains two days. On the second evening of his stay, Sir David, after observing that no power could dissuade James from making war against England, tells a story of a supernatural warning given in vain to the Scottish King; and Marmion, moved by the tale, tells Lindesay the story related by the host at the inn.—He says nothing of the palmer, of Constance, or of Clara; but relates that feverish dreams had broken his sleep, and that riding to the deserted camp he sounded his bugle. That the blast was faintly returned, and that presently a mounted champion appeared. He owns that he himself with great agitation fixed his spear, encountered, and fell: that the spectre thrice shook his naked sword over his head; that the moon-beam shone on the face of the victor, and showed the countenance of one who, dead or alive, had reason to be his enemy. That he (Marmion) invoked St. George; upon which the victor sheathed his sword, remounted, and disappeared. Sir David mentions some similar tales, and next day they set off for Edinburgh; here poetically called Dun-Edin. They arrive on Blackford-hill, and see the Borough-Moor below, covered with the encampments of the Scottish force, collected for an English war; they converse on the subject of the preparations, and arrive at the barriers of the camp.

In the beginning of the fifth canto, entitled "The Court," the Scottish bands are described. Marmion and his train arrive in the city. In the evening Marmion is introduced to James, amid the gaiety of his Court; Lady Heron, the wife of that Sir Hugh, who is mentioned in the first canto, is a hostage for her Lord, at the Scottish Court, and has gained a great ascendance over James's heart. The Queen of France too, it is here added, has an influence with the monarch. She has charged him for her to break a lance, to strike three strokes with Scottish brand, and march three miles on English ground, and wave his banners in English air. And thus for the Queen of France he arms; and thus admits Lady Heron, an English dame, into his inmost counsels, regardless of his own amiable Queen Margaret. Lady Heron plays on the harp and sings a ballad. The King pays her much attention, and she glances a familiar look at Marmion. This a little displeases the King, who reads Marmion's commission, enumerates some causes of complaint against England, and declares that a herald has borne defiance to Henry. Lord Douglas stands near, who has opposed the war; and the King, as it would be uncourteous to send back Marmion, who is commissioned to stay while the slightest hopes of peace remain, appoints the British chief to remain at Tantallon, Douglas's Castle, till the herald return. In the course of this speech, the King insinuates that Douglas, unlike his Sires, loves better to oppose his sovereign, than face his country's enemies; and directs that some holy maids, taken that morning in a vessel at sea, shall return under convoy of Douglas. Douglas's proud heart swells and he weeps. The King is touched, and implores forgiveness. Marmion whispers to the King to take those tears as a warning against war. The King is inflexible, and leads off a dance with Lady Heron. The Abbess and Clara, who are among the captive nuns, are deeply alarmed to find that Marmion must be one of their escort. The Abbess meets the palmer in an open balcony. She implores him to deliver a packet to Wolsey, and explains it to contain certain letters forged by Constance to convict De Wilton of treason on Marmion's charge. She adds that she has reason to fear Marmion will, by the King's consent, tear Clara from the convent of St. Hilda, and expresses her horror at the guilt of Constance: who did this deadly sin for Marmion, in order that being privy to his dishonour, she might gain a boundless power upon him. While the abbess and the palmer converse, a vision is seen upon a tower: and a spectre cites to appear at an unearthly throne—the chiefs foredoomed to die in Flodden fight. Among the cited number are the King—and Marmion! De Wilton too is summoned, but another voice impeaches the summons, and appeals to God. The pageant vanishes; the abbess is found by her nuns, alone, and prostrate. And now Douglas, Marmion, and the palmer, set out for Tan-

tallon, the nuns following at a little distance under the care of Fitz-Eustace. The palmer loses his former sullenness, and becomes eager and more lightsome. When the abbess is preparing to return by sea, Fitz-Eustace produces a "letter bread," commanding Clara to separate from her conductress, and go under Marmion's guidance, to her kinsman Lord Fitz-Clare: with further direction that while they remained in Scotland she should stay under the care of Douglas's lady at Tantallon. At Tantallon the whole party soon arrive. Marmion resides there some time; but at last, as the intelligence of warlike preparation thickens, he resolves to depart.

The sixth canto is entitled "The Battle."—Clara is described as often wandering alone near the castle of Tantallon. In one of her walks, she finds some battered armour, which reminds her of De Wilton: she lifts her eyes, and De Wilton is before her! He relates that he was dragged senseless from the lists where Marmion conquered him, and on returning to his recollection, found himself on a pallet, in the shed of Austin, his ancient beadsman. That he was long desperate, but at length recovering, set out in a palmer's weeds with Austin, and journeyed through many lands. That Austin dying, had begged as a boon that De Wilton would spare his deadliest enemy, if ever he lay conquered beneath his brand. That he still travelled, and coming to Scotland, became Marmion's guide. He further says, that he meditated revenge against Marmion in the inn where they stopped: and then proceeds thus:

"A word of vulgar augury,
"That broke from me I scarce knew why,
"Brought on a village tale;
"Which wrought upon his moody sprite,
"And sent him armed forth by night.
"I borrowed steed, and mail,
"And weapons, from his sleeping band,
"And passing from a postern door,
"We met, and countered hand to hand,
"He fell on Gifford-moor.
"For the death-stroke my brand I drew,
"(O then my helmed head he knew
"The palmer's cowl was gone),
"Then had three inches of my blade
"The heavy debt of vengeance paid,—
"My hand the thought of Austin staid;
"I left him there alone.—
"O good old man! even from the grave,
"Thy spirit could thy master save:
"If I had slain my foeman, ne'er
"Had Whitby's Abbess, in her fear,
"Given to my hand this packet dear,
"Of power to clear my injured fame,
"And vindicate De Wilton's name.
"Perchance you heard the Abbess tell
"Of the strange pageantry of hell
"That broke our secret speech—
"It rose from the infernal shade,
"Or featly was some juggle played,
"A tale of peace to teach.
"Appeal to heaven I judged was best,
"When my name came among the rest."

He continues to state, that he has related his history to Douglas, who, won by these proofs, is about to dub him knight. That he is watching his armour there, according to the laws of chivalry, till midnight; and that with morning, he shall seek the English camp commanded by Surrey. He then expresses his hopes as a lover, and Clara remonstrates on his eagerness for again encountering the hazard of war; but a feeling for his honour succeeds, and she sympathizes in his ardour. He is knighted, and departs. Marmion after a dispute with Douglas, who now knows his real character, sets off with Clara. He misses the palmer, and learns that he has departed in armour.—Marmion then feels that the real De Wilton was the conqueror on the moonlight wold, and understands the reason of Douglas's coldness, and of the palmer's dreadful glances. They arrive at a hillock that overlooks the field of Flodden: here Clara is left under guard of the two esquires, Fitz-Eustace and Blount. Marmion joins Surrey. The battle begins. Two horsemen bear a wounded knight up the hill where Clara is placed. That knight is Marmion! He dispatches the esquires to the battle: and Marmion, left by his train, and almost fainting, is relieved with a helm full of water, by Clara, the injured Clara. He is racked with remorse and anxiety, and dies. The English conquer; De Wilton and Clara are united. The poem concludes with a few lines addressed to the reader.

A story such as this, which does not pretend to any of the regularity of an epic poem, should at least have the interest of a good romance. But we are sorry to say, that the story of *Marmion* appears to us to have neither the merit of a great poem, nor that of an interesting romance, and we own that we should much more willingly read one of Mrs. Ratcliffe's novels. Mrs. Ratcliffe herself, whose great fault is her exuberance of description, does not pause so often to make a sketch of landscape as Mr. Scott does in this *Marmion*: and she unquestionably deserves the praise of

interesting the feelings and astonishing the imagination in a very powerful degree, by incidents which, though strange, are generally probable, and which, though apparently supernatural, are always proved to have been effected by human agency. But what shall we say of such an incident as Marmion's battle with De Wilton in the Camp-circle? Does it appear likely that Marmion would have gone on such a wild-goose errand? How could De Wilton, who must have been employed in peeping about all night to discover Marmion's departure, prepare himself and arrive on the ground in time for this fight? And why should De Wilton have been peeping? Surely he could not foresee that Marmion meant to take this very superfluous ride. And what at last is the issue of the adventure? Why, that a knight falls down and gets up again, while his adversary rides away, and contents himself with the pleasure of boasting his victory. It may be said that it was necessary to preserve Marmion, in order that the Abbess might afterwards give De Wilton the packet, as De Wilton himself relates in the lines above quoted. Yes, as Mr. Scott has now constituted his poem, it was necessary; but why does Mr. Scott constitute a poem in such a manner as to make it necessary that a principal incident shall be a fight between two knights, which fight produces no one single benefit to his story? So much for probability. And we cannot but blame the unaccountable introduction of the vision that the Abbess and the palmer see at Edinburgh. It is true that the Scottish historians mention some illusion of this kind; but a poet should not introduce such a thing in his fable, unless he explain it either as a trick or as the work of some supernatural agent, concerned in the plot of the poem. And even then it would be of no use here; for it produces no effect.

There is one great and glaring fault which pervades the whole of this work: and that fault is the tiresome minuteness with which every little object is painted. There is a certain degree of accuracy which may be very interesting; but it should be an accuracy that relates to an interesting object. When a principal character, as for instance here, King James, is introduced in a poem, the greatest possible accuracy is allowable, and even admirable; but nobody cares to have a facsimile set before him of the dresses and appearances of all the heralds and yeomen that may have half a dozen words to say in a long poem. When a spot is for the first time mentioned, which is to become the scene of some great and striking event, as for instance here, the vault in which Constance is immured, accuracy of description gives interest and reality to the transaction: but who desires to know whether Tantallon Castle had square turrets, stony shields with bloody hearts and mullets, stairs, steps, parapets, platforms, bulwarks, bartisans, bastions, and vantage-coigns? It was the observation of an excellent artist, that he who pourtrays the human face must paint the slightest lineament with fidelity; but that he who in a landscape introduces a figure angling, needs not trouble himself to represent the float of cork at the lower end of the fishing line.

Of the characters there is little to be said. Most of the personages in this poem, when they interest at all, interest from situation more than from character: and what there is of character does not appear to be of a very new or striking description. Marmion and De Wilton seem to be persons very little different in character, though widely distinct in their effect upon the reader. Both are hard, stern, yet not unfeeling men; but Marmion has been assailed by temptation, while De Wilton has been tutored in the school of adversity; of course the conduct of the two heroes becomes very different, though their characters may have been originally the same. Clara is like the heroines of all the novels: and Constance is exactly what Matilda, in the Monk, would have been, if she had not turned out to be the devil. There seems to have been some sort of discrimination attempted in the dispositions of the two esquires, Fitz-Eustace and Blount: but they are personages almost too insignificant to be remembered. The Abbess is a commonplace twaddling old woman: and we cannot say much more for Lord Douglas or Sir David Lindesay. Lady Heron is a pretty creature that plays to the king: and her husband a fool for letting her do so. Of all the characters that of King James alone deserves our commendation: and it is delineated in so forcible and natural a manner, that for a long time we are too much occupied with the work to think of praising the author.

We now proceed to speak of the particular passages: for it is on particular passages that the claims of Mr. Scott have always principally rested.

To quote all that is faulty would be to quote more than half the poem: we shall therefore content ourselves with presenting a few passages by way of specimen. The first that we cite will

serve as a sample of the unwarrantable carelessness with which he employs his demonstrative and relative pronouns: it is a description of the Abbey at Lindisfarn:

Canto II. p. 87.

" On the deep walls, the heathen Dane
" Had poured his impious rage in vain;
" And needful was such strength to *these*,
" Exposed to the tempestuous seas,
" Scourged by the wind's eternal sway,
" Open to rovers fierce as *they*,
" *Which* could twelve hundred years with-
" stand
" Winds, waves, and northern pirates' hand."

It was a long time before we could discover that the word "*these*" applies to the walls—that "*they*" denotes the seas and wind—and that the concluding "*which*" alludes to the walls once more.

A specimen of the burlesque:

Canto II. p. 90.

" And all, in turn, essayed to paint
" The rival merits of their saint (*i. e.* their saints)
" A theme that ne'er can tire.
" A holy maid: for, *be it known*,
" That their saint's honour is their own!"

Another passage is in the true spirit of the bathos, and reminds us of the two famous lines:

" And thou, Dalhousie, the great God of
" war——
" *Lieutenant-Colonel to the Earl of Mar!*"

Mr. Scott in the same style apostrophizes the herald, Sir David Lindesay:

Canto IV. p. 193.

" Still is thy name in high account
" And still thy verse has charms,
" Sir David Lindesay of the Mount,
" *Lord Lion King-at-arms!*"

What is the meaning of a beaming banner? We see its use: the use of it is to make a rhyme: but what is its meaning?

Canto IV. p. 202.

" In Catharine's aisle the monarch knelt
" With sackcloth shirt, and iron belt,
" And eyes with sorrow streaming:
" Around him, in their stalls of state,
" The Thistle's Knight Companions sate,
" Their banners o'er them beaming."

The speeches are sad common place: as for instance where Sir David, viewing the camp, says:

Canto IV. p. 218.

" Fair is the sight, and yet 'twere good
" That kings would think *withal*,
" When peace and wealth their land has
" blessed,
" 'Tis better to sit still at rest,
" Than rise, perchance to fall."

The language is sometimes incomparibly mean: as in the description of the Highland regiments:

" And with their cries discordant mixed,
" *Grumbled and yelled the pipes betwixt.*

These faults, each of which we have exemplified by only a single instance, are most of them so common as absolutely to form the characteristics of the poem. Contempt of grammar, a literary sin of all others the least pardonable, obtrudes itself upon us in almost every line: and renders the verse not only incorrect, but perpetually unintelligible. The meanness of the language is so constant and so offensive, that page after page, even of matter in its own nature interesting, is totally ruined by the expression: most particularly the characteristic description of the forces assembled by King James.

Nature is not to be drawn in her vilest attitudes. Mr. Scott should recollect that simplicity and barbarism are separate things: and should teach his muse that the wild impetuosity of Regasus is very different from the rambling of a colt about a common.

We now proceed to notice those passages which have merit. The opening of the poem is finely descriptive: but the first stanza is copied almost in every idea from a passage in Mr. Home's tragedy of *Douglas*. We subjoin Mr. Scott's lines, and then those of Mr. Home:

Marmion—Canto I. p. 23, 24.

I.

" Day set on Norham's castled steep,
" And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
" And Cheviot's mountains lone:
" The battled towers, the donjon keep,
" The loop-hole grates where captives weep,
" The flanking walls that round it sweep,
" In yellow lustre shone.
" The warriors, on the turrets high,
" Moving athwart the evening sky,
" Seemed forms of giant height:
" Their armour, as it caught the rays,
" Flashed back again the western blaze
" In lines of dazzling light.

II.

" St. George's banner, broad and gay,
" Now faded, as the evening ray
" Less bright, and less, was flung;
" The evening gale had scarce the power
" To wave it o'er the donjon tower,
" So heavily it hung.
" The scouts had parted on their search,
" The castle gates were barred;
" Above the gloomy portal arch,
" Timing his footsteps to a march
" The warder kept his guard,
" Low humming, as he past along,
" Some ancient Border-gathering song."

Douglas—Act IV.

" *Glenalvon.* Has Norval seen the troops?
" *Norval.* ——————The setting sun
" With yellow radiance lightened all the vale:
" And as the warriors moved, each polished
" helm
" Corslet or spear, glanced back his gilded
" beams.
" The hill they climbed: and halting at its top
" Of more than mortal size towering they
" seemed
" An host angelic, clad in burning arms."

The lines that conclude the second canto are among the most beautiful passages of English poetry. The bell has been described tolling at the convent for the soul of the criminal Constance:

Canto II. p. 113, 114.

" So far was heard the mighty knell,
" The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,
" Spread his broad nostril to the wind,
" Listed before, aside, behind;
" Then couched him down beside the hind,
" And quaked among the mountain fern,
" To hear that sound so dull and stern."

Hind and behind are not indeed accurate rhymes: and we do not know why Mr. Scott always writes *sprung*, instead of *sprang*, as the imperfect of the verb *to spring*.

The favourite song of Constance, that Fitz-Eustace sings to Marmion at the Inn, is strikingly conceived: it is as follows:

Canto III. p. 141, 142, 143.

" Where shall the lover rest,
" Whom the fates sever,
" From his true maiden's breast,
" Parted for ever?
" Where through groves deep and high
" Sounds the far billow,
" Where early violets die
" Under the willow.

" *Chorus.*

" Eleu loro, &c. Soft shall be his pillow.
" There, through the summer day,
" Cool streams are laving;
" There, while the tempests sway,
" Scarce are boughs waving.
" There thy rest shalt thou take,
" Parted for ever,
" Never again to wake,
" Never, O never.

" *Chorus.*

" Eleu loro, &c. Never, O never.
" Where shall the traitor rest,
" He, the deceiver,
" Who could win maiden's breast,
" Ruin, and leave her?
" In the lost battle,
" Borne down by the flying,
" Where mingles war's rattle
" With groans of the dying.

" *Chorus.*

" Eleu loro, &c. There shall he be lying.
" Her wing shall the eagle flap,
" O'er the false hearted;
" His warm blood the wolf shall lap
" Ere life be parted.
" Shame and dishonour sit
" By his grave ever;
" Blessings shall hallow it,
" Never, O never.

" *Chorus.*

" Eleu loro, &c. Never, O never."

The last lines remind us of a little of a vigorously poetical passage in Anacreon Moore's song of the Evil Spirit:—

" Where the bird of carrion flits
" And the shuddering murderer sits,
" &c. &c. &c."

The resemblance is not so strong as to convict Mr. Scott of imitation, but the coincidence is worthy of remark.

The first reflections to which the above extracted song gives rise in the bosom of Marmion are expressed with a great deal of feeling:

Canto III. p. 148.

" Constance, late betrayed and scorned,
" All lovely on his soul returned:
" Lovely as when, at treacherous call,
" She left her convent's peaceful wall,
" Crimsoned with shame, with terror mute,
" Dreading alike escape, pursuit,
" 'Till love, victorious o'er alarms,
" Hid fears and blushes in his arms."

The description of Edinburgh and its surrounding landscape, seen from the height of

Blackford, glitters in all the splendour of poetry and painting:

Canto IV. p. 218, 219.

—— "The wandering eye
"Could mark the distant city glow
"With gloomy splendour red;
"For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow
"That round her sable turrets flow
"The morning beams were shed,
"And tinged them with a lustre proud,
"Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.
"Such dusky grandeur clothed the height
"Where the huge castle holds its state,
"And all the steep slope down,
"Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
"Piled deep and massy, close and high,
"Mine own romantic town!
"But northward far, with purer blaze,
"On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
"And as each healthy top they kiss'd,
"It gleamed, a purple amethyst.
"Yonder the shores of Fife you saw;
"Here Preston Bay, and Berwick Law;
"And, broad between them rolled,
"The gallant Firth the eye might note,
Whose islands on its bosom float,
"Like emeralds chased in gold."

The meeting of Clara and De Wilton is very tenderly though allegorically related.

Canto VI. p. 323, 324.

"Far less can my weak line declare
"Each varying passion's shade;
"Brightening to rapture from despair,
"Sorrow, surprise, and pity there,
"And joy, with her angelic air,
"And hope, that paints the future fair,
"Their varying hues displayed:
"Each o'er its rival's ground extending,
"Alternate conquering, shifting, blending,
"'Till all, fatigued, the conflict yield,
"And mighty love retains the field.
"Shortly I tell what then he said,
"By many a tender word delayed,
"And modest blush, and bursting sigh,
"And question kind and fond reply.

The description of the encampment on Flodden Field is pretty:—

Canto VI. p. 344

"The white pavilions made a show
"Like remnants of the winter snow,
"Along the dusky ridge."

In our next number we shall insert an extract containing the account of the battle, and the death of Marmion: and shall conclude our Review with some remarks on the Introduction and the Notes.

FINE ARTS.

No. I.

HERCULANEUM AND POMPEII.

THE first origin of nations, at least as far as regards *prophane* history, is in general wrapped up in mythological fable, uncertain from the clashing accounts of ill-informed writers, and in many cases totally unknown. That this uncertainty of historical detail, previous to the invention of letters, should exist, is not to be wondered at; we have, however, much cause to regret that the unsettled state of society for many ages after, together with the subsequent destruction of public libraries, by the Goths and Saracens, have deprived us of much that has been written by historians, whose accuracy is unquestioned in the little that remains to us of their labours.

This uncertainty of *ancient* history, has been compared by a late elegant writer, in some instances, to the sources of those rivers, which their smallness or too great distance hide from our researches; in like manner the origins of nations are concealed from us either by the weakness of their first principles, or perhaps that having been separated from us by too long an interval of time, they become lost amidst the chaos of events, and so afford our curiosity no means of discovering from whence they came, nor when they began to appear in the world.

As every vestige of Herculaneum and Pompeii, had disappeared soon after the commencement of the Christian era, their names were almost forgotten; nor is it to be supposed that even their names would have excited attention, had it not been for the interesting account of the volcanic eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which overwhelmed them in the reign of Titus, and which is preserved in the admirable Epistles of Pliny the younger. At length, day broke in upon those august ruins, by acciden-

tal discovery of some gardeners at Portici in the early part of the last century; the curiosity not only of all the learned, but of all Europe we may say, was excited in the research, and the subsequent recovery of paintings, statues, domestic utensils, &c. &c. rendered every thing relative to these two cities so interesting that every means were used to ascertain their true history; and their dreadful fate, became the theme of general commisseration. That fate was certainly much to be lamented, as we have particular reason to believe that it could not be guarded against by human prudence, or precaution, as this was the first eruption of any consequence supposed to have taken place from Vesuvius; but what can we say for the prudence or forecast of the modern world, who rebuild their cities even on those smoking torrents of lava, which have but recently overwhelmed their habitations and their dearest relatives. An animated picture of the devastations of a volcanic country, has been beautifully sketched by a philosophical observer, who remarks that there is no doubt but that the neighbourhood of an active volcano, must suffer from time to time the most dire calamities, the natural attendants of earthquakes and eruptions; whole cities, with their inhabitants are either buried under showers of pumice stones and ashes, or overwhelmed by rivers of liquid fire; others again are swept off in an instant by torrents of hot water issuing from the same volcano, of which, in the very little we know of Vesuvius, there are many examples: and the ruins of Herculaneum, Pompeii, Stabiæ and Catania, relate their sad catastrophes in the most pathetic terms. Yet still, however we lament these evils, we must acquiesce in that great system of Providence, "from seeming evil still educing good;" and though it was the fate of these cities to stand in the line of these dreadful operations, yet we must still consider *them* as intended for some wise purposes, and for the benefit of succeeding generations. "The Campagna Felix, that "delicious and fertile spot; Misenum, Baia, "Puzzuoli, the delight of so many Emperors "and Roman chiefs, whose beauties have been "celebrated by so many poets; Pausilipo, "whose charming scenes inspired Virgil's "muse, and the delightful situation of Naples "itself, all have been produced and owe their "beauty and variety of their scenery, to such "a seeming destruction."

Nothing certain is known of the situation of Herculaneum from ancient geography, except a slight notice of it by Strabo, who describes it as being situated on a neck of land which ran out into the bay of Naples, and was exposed to the southern gales; and Winkelman, the German naturalist, observes that as it was on a level with the sea, the water must have been raised, and not the ground sunk, as the buildings found still retain their original position. Herculaneum was one of the most ancient cities of Italy, and has been supposed by the earliest historians to have been built before the war of Troy. The first who mentions it is Dionysius of Halicarnassus, who ascribes its foundation to Hercules; now though great part of the writings of this historian meet with but little credit from the learned, yet we may fairly take it for granted, that the traditions of those early times, had some foundation in truth, and as we have no other source of information, we must trust to him in some degree for a general view of the first migrations of the Greeks and Phenicians, who settled on the sea coasts of Western Europe, particularly as those accounts are corroborated by similarity of customs, and language, and by the testimony of later writers.

We are told by this author, that Hercules in his knight errantry, having destroyed those tyrants and predatory bands, who plundered the fertile countries of Spain and Gaul, found his way across the Alps into the genial regions of Italy, where he continued for the space of a year. His fleet which he had left in Spain with orders to join him in Calabria, arrived at the mouth of the river Sarno, in the Bay of Naples; here they found Hercules who with his army had encamped on the banks of that river at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, and having celebrated their successes by triumphs and rejoicings, they consecrated the tenth part of their plunder to the Gods, whom these pious reformers thus made the receivers of stolen goods: after this expiatory act, Hercules founded the city of Pompeii on the scite of his encampment, and Herculaneum at the mouth of the river, where his fleet had anchored. Besides the notice of its geographical situation by Strabo, he describes it as being built on a natural mole, which formed a secure and spacious harbour, and its air he represents as salubrious and delightful in the highest degree; it is also slightly mentioned by Sisenna, an ancient geographer whose works are lost; but a fragment of them preserved by Nonnius Marcellus, relates that it was situated between the Rivers Sarno, and

Sebetho, which agrees exactly with its situation as since ascertained. After the departure of Hercules, we know nothing of its history until it came into the possession of the Osques, after whom it devolved to the Cumeans, then the Phenicians, and last of all the Samnites. These Osques are supposed to be the people, since called Ausonians, and who are believed to be the aboriginal inhabitants of southern Italy, and who retained the city until they were driven from the sea coast of Calabria and of Naples by a colony of Greeks, who were in search of foreign settlements, established themselves in these parts, and having founded the city of Cuma, took the name of Cumeans. This is all that *history* mentions of the very early ages, though Virgil in his Eneid, asserts, that the inhabitants of Herculaneum had a change of masters, prior to this, and immediately after the Trojan war, for he describes the Teleboans as the inhabitants of this country, and having become the allies of Turnus in his contest with Eneas. Little, indeed, is known of these Teleboans, nor whither their origin was Grecian or Phenician; some have asserted that they took their name from Teleboas one of their chiefs, others, perhaps with more probability, derive their name from their extreme skill and success in the art of stealing cattle, a mode of receiving names not uncommon amongst savage nations, as we find by our late voyages to the South Seas, that a gentleman at Otaheite was distinguished by the appellation of *stealer of boats*. Their taste for pleasure was not confined, however, to the stealing of cattle, for we find that their King Telon, when an old man, thought proper to steal the nymph Sebethis, by whom he had a son Oebalus, a young prince so well versed in this fashionable art, that, not content with the island of Caprea, which was his inheritance and kingdom, he made an irruption on his neighbours the Ausonians, and having conquered the greatest part of Campania, joined the army of Turnus, in order to repulse the Trojan invaders. We have no certain date of its seizure by the Tyrians, but we know that a Phenician colony having settled in Tuscany and in the Venetian States, was soon after driven from this country by the Gauls, the refugees then spread themselves over Campania, and all the southern Italy, about 500 years before the Christian era. The Cumeans at first opposed them with success, but after some time they fixed themselves securely, forming a state of the confederation of twelve cities, the chief of which was Capua. Herculaneum of course fell into their hands, but they were driven from their conquests, a few years afterwards by the Samnites, who carried on a tedious war against them; but a truce having been agreed on, the latter took a treacherous advantage of their unsuspecting security, and having attacked them in the night, massacred the greatest number of them.—Treachery seldom flourishes, and this was exemplified in the fate of the Samnites, who soon fell victims to the revenge of the Romans; in a war which arose out of the refusal of the Samnites to supply the latter with corn, during a famine, which took place under the Consulate of Papirius and Rutilus. The Romans pretended to justify their quarrel, by saying it was in defence of the liberty of the Campanians; and the Samnites having lost the cities of Palumbinum and Volana, were obliged to retreat to Herculaneum; but they were soon forced to surrender to the Roman army under the Consul Carvilius, after a vigorous blockade, and all Campania soon after surrendered to the Roman arms, as the inhabitants to ensure the assistance of the Romans, had made a voluntary disposal of their rights and liberties. Before this the Samnites were a fierce and powerful nation, inhabiting all that part of the Appenines between Latium and Apulia, and to the advantages of their mountainous situation, they added some singular and romantic institutions, which tended to preserve their native liberty. One custom mentioned is, that ten of the fairest virgins were selected every year, as prizes to be chosen by the bravest and most deserving of the youths; this has afforded a most interesting subject to Marmontel for one of his charming tales. Notwithstanding these arrangements, Herculaneum was soon restored to the Samnites by the treaty which followed the war, and remained with them until the time of Marius, about 100 years before Christ, and 179 previous to its destruction; during which period it underwent no material change except that being one of the confederated cities in the Marsic war, it was taken by the army under the proconsul Didius, when a colony of Romans settled in it, however it did not become a Roman province until the time of Marius, when the agreeable variety of its coast induced a number of Roman citizens to build villas in its vicinity. Of these several are mentioned by the writers of that time; Cicero speaks of one or two, and Seneca tells us that Caius Cæsar had one there which he destroyed, however, on his assumption of the imperial purple, because his mother had been confined as a prisoner there in the reign of Tiberius. We also learn from the

description given of it by Statius, that these villas were decorated with the finest specimens of sculpture and painting, either the originals or good copies of Apelles, Phidias, Policletes, and the most eminent masters of the Grecian school; this circumstance will easily account for the immense number of exquisite specimens of the ancient arts found in the ruins of a city so little noticed in the pages of history, and with which we hope to gratify our readers, by well selected *fac similes* descriptive of the Italian and Grecian school, under the patronage of the Augustan age.

The fate of Herculaneum was now verging to its crisis, and on the 5th of Feb. A. D. 63, it suffered the first shock of an earthquake, which returned at intervals for many days, and by which Pompeii was entirely swallowed up; the greatest part of Herculaneum was reduced to ruins, and the rest so shattered that nothing but its immediate repair could have saved it from utter desolation. We are indebted to Seneca for an animated description of this earthquake, to which he was an eye witness; he says, Pompeii, this celebrated city of Campania, near which the coast of Sorentum and of Stabiæ on the one side, and that of Herculaneum on the other, formed by their junction, an agreeable bay, has just been ruined, and its environs shattered by an earthquake, which took place in the winter, that is to say, at a season when our ancestors believed themselves secure from dangers of this nature. It was about the nones of February, under the Consulate of Regulus and Virgilius, that Campania which had never been without alarms, at least without expecting something, and which had so many times been quitted through fear, was in great part ravaged by these violent shocks of the globe. A part of the city of Herculaneum has been destroyed, and that which remains is in a very dangerous state; the colony of Nuceria has been nearly overturned, at least much damaged. The city of Naples has suffered more private than public losses, and has been but slightly touched by this remarkable misfortune. Many villas elevated on the summits of the mountains felt the shocks, but without any bad effect; and it is mentioned that a flock of 600 sheep were lost, that statues have been broken, and that since this unfortunate event, many men deprived of their reason and senses, have been seen wandering about the country. Such were the news of the day, in the time of Seneca.

Six years and nine months after this earthquake, on the first of November 79, under Titus, Herculaneum was totally overwhelmed, and Pompeii, which had just been rebuilt, was again totally destroyed, and was buried with it, under the burning ruins of Vesuvius; uncommon heat, and violent shocks had been experienced for some days, followed by a noise like thunder in the bowels of the earth, and accompanied by showers of burning ashes from the crater, to this succeeded streams of fire at intervals, and darkness which might be felt. It has been lamented by the literati of all ages, that no regular or detailed account of these events has been handed down to us by the historians of the time, but that it was the intention of Tacitus, who was cotemporary with this dreadful eruption, to have given us a particular description of it, there can be no doubt, as in an Epistle written to him by Pliny the younger, he expressly states that he writes it to enable him to transmit it to posterity with the greater truth; but this part of the writings of that accurate historian, have either been lost through the lapse of ages, or were destroyed by the unhallowed hands of the Goths under Alaric. Although that was not the age for philosophic experiment, yet Pliny seems to have been not only a cool spectator, but also, though a very young man, an accurate observer of this tremendous scene.

He observes that on the ninth of the calends of September, about the seventh hour, a cloud was observed at *Misenum*, in the bay of Naples, of an extraordinary size and shape, which struck the spectators with astonishment, who could not at first ascertain from what mountain it arose, however, as it advanced in height, it was found to proceed from Mount Vesuvius, and is compared by him to an immense pine tree. He says that it sprung up in a tall trunk, with the branches widely distended, and that whilst the vapour was fresh it more easily ascended; but when that vapour was wasted, the cloud became loose, or perhaps depressed by its own gravity, dilated itself into a greater breadth. It appeared sometimes bright and sometimes black, or spotted, according to the quantity of earth and ashes mixed with it. This was a surprizing circumstance, and prompted some of his friends, among whom was his uncle Pliny the elder, to proceed nearer the spot, in order to examine it more accurately. In this excursion, however, Pliny did not accompany them, but staid behind with what he describes as a kind of philosophic indifference, chusing that time *to pursue his studies*. At this period the inhabitants of the bay were in great confusion, and the mariners at *Retinæ* near

Misenum, who were called upon to prepare the gallies for sea, appeared in the greatest consternation at the approaching danger, as their town was situated under the mountain, and they had no other means of escaping except by sea; they therefore intreated him not to proceed upon so hazardous an enterprize. The elder Pliny, however, who had the command of the Roman fleet on this station, continued firm to his resolution; and what he had first undertaken from a thirst after knowledge, he now persevered in from motives of humanity, and determined with the most praiseworthy fortitude, to brave every danger in the cause of humanity and rescue as many as in his power from the impending danger. He therefore ordered the gallies to get under weigh, for the purpose not only of relieving the people of Retinœ, but also many others in distress, as the whole shore was covered with a number of small villages. In this humane pursuit, he proceeded to places which were abandoned by other people, and boldly kept his course in defiance of danger, so composed, as to remark distinctly the appearance and progress of this wonderful phœnomenon, and to digest, and dictate most of those remarks, which it appears that his nephew must have received afterwards from his Secretary.

He now found that the ashes beat into the ships much hotter and in greater qantities, and as he drew nearer, pumice stones, with black flints, burnt and torn up by the flames, broke in upon them: and now the hasty ebb of the sea, and the immense fragments tumbling from the mountain prevented their nearer approach to the shore.

He paused a while upon this, and then crossed the bay to Stabiæ, where his friend Pomponianus lived; and in the mean time the flames issued from various parts of Vesuvius, whilst spreading wide, and towering to a vast height they made an immense blaze, the glare and horror of which were much increased by the gloominess of the night.

On arriving at Stabiæ, he retired to rest, but the ravages of the eruption, soon found their way there; and in a short time the Court, beyond which was his apartment, was so filled with cinders and pumice stones, that had he continued longer there he must have perished. As it was, his fate was only prolonged a few minutes, for the shocks of earthquakes becoming more violent, they found it necessary to leave the villa, for the fields, where the unfortunate old man soon fell a victim to his humanity, dropping down dead from suffocation. When the light returned which was not until the third day after his death, his body was found untouched by the fire, and without any visible hurt, appearing rather like a person sleeping, than like one who was dead. Thus perished a man, whose fate the commentators pass over without a single observation, though they are loud in the praise of what they call the philosophic fortitude of his nephew, but which to a common observer would rather appear like *philosophic cowardice*. Notwithstanding the young man's anxiety to pursue his studies, he was soon driven out of Misenum by the approaching danger, and in a subsequent epistle he details these occurrences more fully; he observes that for several preceding days they had felt several shocks of an earthquake, which being common in Campania did not much alarm them, but on this night the shocks were so violent, that all things around were not only moved, but seemed upon the brink of destruction. At six in the morning the house shook violently, and there was yet but a faint and glimmering light; and though the family at the villa were in an open court, yet as it was very narrow, and built almost all around, they conceived themselves in considerable danger. They then thought it necessary to leave the town, followed by the people distracted with their fears; as he here observes that it is the nature of fear to embrace, as most prudential, any other dictates in preference to its own, the consequence was, that the crowd pressed upon them and drove them forward. They stopped when some distance from the town, but as their astonishment was great so were their apprehensions also, for the carriages which they had ordered to follow them from their villa, were so violently shaken from side to side, although upon plain ground, that they could not be kept upright. The sea too seemed to be forced back upon itself, repelled as it were by the strong concussions of the earth, and after the eruption had ceased it was proved that the sea had considerably receded, and many marine productions were left upon the strand.

Over the land, a dark and horrible cloud, loaded with combustible matter, suddenly burst open, and shot forth a long train of fire, resembling lightning in its appearance, but in much larger flashes, and the ashes fell thick around them. On looking back, a thick dark vapour, just behind them, rolled along the ground like a torrent, and rapidly followed their steps. Their situation was now dreadful, and we cannot better describe it than in his

words. "I then said, let us turn out of this "road, whilst we can see our way, lest the "people who crowd after us, should trample "us to death. We had scarce considered "what was to be done, when we were sur- "rounded by darkness, not like the darkness "of a cloudy night, or when the moon dis- "appears, but such as is in a close room, "when all light is excluded. You might "then have heard the shrieks of women, the "moans of infants, and the outcries of men; "some were calling for their parents, some "for their children, and some for their wives; "their voices only made them known to each "other. Some bewailed their own fate; "others the fate of their relations. There "were some who, even from a fear of death, "prayed to die; many paid their adorations "to the gods, but the greater number were of "opinion that the gods no longer existed, and "that this night was the final and eternal "period of the world.

"A little gleam of light now appeared; it "was not day-light, but a forewarning of the "approach of some fiery vapour; which how- "ever discharged itself at a distance from us. "Darkness immediately succeeded, then ashes "poured down upon us in large quantities "and heavy, which obliged us frequently to "rise and brush them off, otherwise we had "been smothered, or pressed to death with "their weight. At last this darkness, which "now was drawn into the thinness of a cloud "went off; true day appeared, the sun shone "forth, but pale as at the time of an eclipse. "All objects, that offered themselves to our "sight (which was yet so weak, that we "could scarce bear the return of light) were "changed, and covered with ashes as thick as "snow." Thus far does Pliny relate this extraordinary catastrophe, but we must still regret the loss of that historical account which Tacitus is supposed to have drawn up, and where we might have expected to see the various reflections on such a phœnomenon, particularly at a time when natural philosophy was in its infancy, and when the experimental part of philosophy, such as we have it at the present day, was as yet unknown.

Thus, after an eventful period of 1300 years, in one short night perished these two devoted cities of POMPEII and HERCULANEUM!!!

ORIGINAL POETRY.

AN ALDERMAN'S PRAYER,

TO THE GOD OF FEASTING.

—— *epicuri de grege porcum.*

HORACE.

O THOU whose power directs the feast,
When bishop, alderman, or priest,
Are met in state to dine,
Here at thy temple day by day,
My willing homage let me pay,
And worship at thy shrine.

To me, O be it ever known,
Whene'er thy loaded tables groan—
And then (if such thy will)
Grant me an appetite, that I,
Whate'er I drink may still be dry,
May eat yet never fill.

Place me in that delightful seat
Where I the *fattest* food shall meet,
Where daintiest *bits* are strown,
From all *intruders* set me free,
My own dear carver let me be,
And help myself—*alone.*

Enlarge my mouth, extend my jaws,
Preserve my *teeth* from aches and flaws,
My *grinders* from decay;
O let my swallow be so wide,
That *thumping* slices down may glide,
Nor ought obstruct the way.

To thee thy humble suppliant prays,
O let him pass his nights and days
(From gout and surfeit free)
'Midst venison, ortolans, ragoûts,
Turtle and turbot, soups and stews,
Boil'd, roast, and fricassée.

And when by cruel death laid low,
Since none can ward the fatal blow
No power can intervene,
O let this bloated paunch obtain
A burying place in *Pudding-lane,*
Embalmed in a tureen.

J. S.

SONNET,

TO MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

Authoress of the "Midnight Musings."

SAY sweet Enthusiast, hast thou *really* felt
With all its gay delights, that "*Life is pain?*"

Dost thou in strains, which every heart must melt,
Depict *experienced* ills, and *feelingly* complain?

Ah, much I hope these midnight thoughts of thine,
Are but ideal griefs and fancied woe;
Can'st thou have cause to weep o'er *love's* decline?
To mourn a faithless friend, or dread a secret foe?

I too would kneel and thank that power divine,
Not which *removes*, but makes thee still its *care*,
Of beauty, innocence, and worth like thine,
Believe me, Anna, we've not much to spare.

Then string thy lyre anew,—"avaunt the idle "dream,"
Again, "be health thy hope, and pleasure be "thy theme." *J. S.*

MR. TRUELOVE AND MISS DICKINS.

A BURLESQUE AMATORY TALE.

(By the Author of the Dream.)

O HAVE you not heard of the love, and the woe,
That with ardour and sorrow the bosoms did fill,
Of young Dicky Truelove of Paradise Row,
And Miss Polly Dickins, the "Maid of the "Hill?"

It was near one-and-thirty warm summers ago,
And as many cold winters, (a tedious campaign!)
Dick laid siege to the heart, in the bosom of snow,
Of this maid—of the "Hill" yclep'd "Labour in vain."*

Fair springs five-and-twenty, with virgin delight
Did Dolly at Cupid triumphantly laugh;
Four feet and six inches she measured in height,
Which I think is exactly one yard and a half.

Her parents were dead, so she liv'd by herself,
And Truelove declared, when he heard the report,
It was pity the girl should be laid on the shelf,
For her *purse*—it was long, tho' her *person* was short.

(Her only companion was Judy M'Quirk,
Who determin'd a faithful companion to be,
By day was her guard and her maid of all work,
And at night on one pillow snored Judy and she.)

'Twas at market they met where her dinner to buy,
Each morning her fancy, or—appetite led;
And there at a butchers, Dick cast a sheep's eye
At Miss Dickins, while purchasing—half a calves head.

And then like a lover, gallant and polite,
And with zeal that quite conquer'd the heart of Miss Dickins,
The half she relinquish'd he bought with delight,
Both agreeing, on calves head were excellent pickings.

Away she sent Judy, the same afternoon,
To try to find out who had ogled her so;
And Judy returned with the news very soon,
"It was young Mr. Truelove of Paradise "Row."

Now Truelove (determin'd no time should be lost),
Transmitted his passion without more delay;
So next morning there came by the two-penny post,
This letter—for which there was two-pence to pay.

"I love you, Miss Dickins, O take it not ill,
"Nor let me of hopeless affection complain;
"Sincere is my passion, sweet "Maid of the "Hill:"
"Ah! let not that passion be "Labour-in-"Vain!"

"O fairest of women! compassion bestow,
"Ah! let my unceasing attention succeed;
"O share my—apartments in Paradise Row,
"And Paradise Row will be Heaven in-"deed!"

Her heart thus assaulted, fell briskly to work,
(Dick Truelove, Miss Dickins thus happily wooing)
But, alas! she consulted Miss Judy M'Quirk,
And a fool she undoubtedly was for so doing.

For Judy with plainings, and sighings, and tears,
Her virgin condition in youth did bewail;
But being neglected for forty long years,
She'd the strongest aversion to *any thing male*.

* A place so called, near Doctors' Commons.

And her arts with her mistress so well did succeed,
That to judge from their voices, their tempers, and shapes,
They appear'd to be quite of the true *tabby* breed,
And qualified both to be *leaders of apes.*

Like a cat to a mouse did Miss Dickins behave,
Unwilling to marry, or part with her beau;
And thirty long years she retain'd as her slave,
The gallant Mr. Truelove, of Paradise Row.

To-day he delights in the smiles of the fair,
To-morrow neglected, in solitude *mopes*;
To-day would she urge him by frowns to despair,
To-morrow caress him, and feed him—with hopes.

If any should call Mr. Truelove a fool,
To bear the capricious vagaries she played;
They may *think* tit-for-tat is a very fair rule,
But they know not the arts of a wicked old maid.

Now Miss Judy M'Qnirk being three score and ten,
(Miss Dickins of course was just fifty-and-five;)
Mr. Death fell in love with this hater of men,
And with Death's close caresses 'twas useless to strive.

The tears, the entreaties, the sighs, and the prayers
Of both the sad damsels are breathed to the wind;
Miss Judy, away, unrelenting he bears,
And leaves poor Miss Polly forsaken behind.

Now, Truelove, this critical juncture embraced,
He siezed her *fair* hand, and he asked for no more;
Than in Judy's appointment *he just might be placed*
At her table—to sit—on her pillow—to snore.

She look'd approbation—the blush of consent,
Permission he took for a licence to go;
So smiling to church the next morning they went,
And directly departed for Paradise Row.

But, alas! expectation did marriage fulfill?
Ah no! disappointment is all they obtain,
And Truelove soon found with the Maid of the "Hill,"
His "search after happiness"—Labour-in-vain.

She often would grumble, and mutter, and scold,
And wonder "how men could prove false to their vows;"
So one afternoon Mr. Truelove *made bold*,
The *state of the case* to explain to his spouse.

"When first I adored you, *young* Truelove "was I,
"And you fair and charming with truth I "declare;
"I now am *old* Truelove, and you (by the "bye,)
"No longer are either young, charming, or "fair.

"I courted you first in the prime of my life,
"To wed if you then had thought fit to "agree;
"Delighted I surely had been with my wife,
"And probably you as contented with me."

Young lovers this tale a fair warning should prove,
And deep in your hearts let this maxim remain;
That *youth* is the season for prosperous love
And marriage without it—but labour in vain.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE THEATRES.

DRURY-LANE.

On the 31st of March was acted for the first time, a Comedy, called *The World*. The author of this piece is Mr. Kenney, who is very well known to the public as the parent of many of their dramatic favourites.

The characters of this comedy are thus represented:—

Cheviot	Mr. Elliston.
Echo	Mr. Bannister.
Withers	Mr. Wroughton.
Index	Mr. Mathews.
Subtle	Mr. Wewitzer.
Social	Mr. Purser.
Loiter	Mr. De Camp.
Dauntless	Mr. Palmer.

Margin.....Mr. Maddocks.
Lady Bloomfield.....Mrs. Jordan.
Mrs. Barclay.....Mrs. Powell.
Eleanor Barclay.....Miss Boyce.

Cheviot is a foundling, who has been maintained at the expence of a gentleman, named *Davenant*. *Mr. Davenant* has never seen him, but has placed him in the counting-house of one *Subtle*, a dabbler in commercial gambling. Against the practices of this man the high and honourable spirit of *Cheviot* rebels; he, therefore, leaves his house, and, unwilling to apply for further charity to his unknown keeper, *Mr. Davenant*, he commences author in the genuine style of poverty and independence. He has gained an interest in the heart of *Lady Bloomfield*, a rich widow of fashion, by rescuing her in a *fracas* at the Opera House; and she, having heard of his indigence and his pride, sends him a letter with no other signature than that of the Goddess Fortune, enclosing a bank note. He is in the shop of *Margin*, the bookseller who usually employs him, when the interesting *Eleanor Barclay* enters with a volume of manuscript sermons, written by her grandfather, which she wishes to sell, in order to relieve her amiable mother, a prisoner in the King's Bench. *Cheviot* is struck with compassion for her misfortunes, and passing himself for *Margin*, gives his bank note to her for the sermons. These sermons are afterwards purchased of *Cheviot* in mistake, by *Echo*, a young man who wishes to gain the reputation of an author. This *Echo* is a good kind of rustic gentleman, just come to town for the double purpose of initiating himself in business, and wooing *Lady Bloomfield*. His ignorance of life occasions him, notwithstanding his natural goodness of disposition, to commit several follies, and to ape the manners and voices of his idle companions. His rage for standing high in the fashionable opinion of "*The World*," even betrays him to abandon in her adversity poor *Eleanor Barclay*, whom before he loved, and loved honourably. His rivalship with *Cheviot*, in pretensions to the hand of *Lady Bloomfield*, and the mistake by which he has been induced to buy the sermons, urge him to speak to *Cheviot* with some sharpness; but *Cheviot*, by a strong appeal to his feelings, brings him back to a proper sense of his duty; he shakes off his idle acquaintances, *Loiter* and *Dauntless*, and is restored to his *Eleanor*. *Cheviot* is at last dicovered to be the son of *Mr. Davenant*, who, from fear of "*The World's*" opinion, has never owned him; but who nevertheless has discovered him in London by the help of the good-natured *Index*, a gentleman that knows every body. The reproaches with which *Cheviot* has inveighed against parents who can desert their children, have brought *Mr. Davenant* to a more fatherly feeling. *Mrs. Barclay* owns herself the mother of *Cheviot*; she has since married, and become a widow; and now, in marrying *Mr. Davenant*, receives the best amends for her early seduction. *Cheviot* himself, after some trifling and comic obstacles, is united to *Lady Bloomfield*, with the consent of *Mr. Social*, her father. *Subtle* is related to have failed; and before the curtain drops, the principal characters confess, that those persons act but unwisely who surrender the approbation of their own consciences to the opinions of "*The World*."

As far as it is possible to judge of a comedy without having read it (and of a new and unpublished production, such an imperfect judgment must always be formed) we judge most favourably of Mr. Kenney's piece. It has not, indeed, so much of strong incident and bustling liveliness, or of touching interest and powerful situation, as to make it a play that is likely to obtain applause from people who love plot and circumstance only: but those who can estimate a comedy not merely as a series of amusing events, in which actors may appear to advantage, but as a literary production, will probably be very much gratified by "*The World*." We confess that we wish there had been more of incident; for the play is at present too full of mere talk, and even though it has been curtailed, many persons complain that it is still too long. Now a great deal of mere talk is never desirable on the stage, and when a play is rather longer than usual, it becomes exceedingly important to keep up the attention of the audience by strong occurrences. But when we consider the difficulties of dramatic composition; when we observe that the old authors who wrote admirable dialogue, gave plots which would now be deemed insufficient for the main interest of a farce: when we find that the modern authors, who keep the stage perpetually alive by incident and situation, have not found means to give any fair proportion of wit in their dialogue: we cannot help feeling an inclination to bestow great commendation on such a candidate as Mr. Kenney, who, if he has not equalled the new play-wrights in gaiety and in interest, has surpassed the more ancient writers in elegance, and often approached them in wit. The expediency of perpetual incident, and the consequent necessity of explanation, leave so little time for dialogue, that a modern

author, if he had wit by him, could but seldom find any opportunity of using it; and it, therefore, becomes almost absurd to hope, that a really good comedy can be produced oftener than once in half a century. Perhaps *The School for Scandal*, of all the English comedies, approaches the nearest to perfection; but *The School for Scandal* itself, transcendently beautiful as every literary man and every true theatrical critic must always allow it to be, would certainly be much better if it had a little more incident. Some persons cite *The School for Scandal* as an example, that a comedy may be excellent without much incident; but we answer, how much better would it have been, if it had contained more incidents. When somebody pointing at an old man, said to Dr. Meade, "Look at that veteran of eighty, you "see he is still stout, and yet he has not been a "very sober fellow." The Doctor answered, "How much stonter must he have been, if he "*had been* a sober fellow!"

Acknowledging then the difficulties of authorship, we will not treat good authors with disrespect, because they are not perfect; but rather hail this comedy, possessing, as it does, few errors, and many beauties, as a happy earnest of the future treasures which we may hope from the mine of Mr. Kenney's genius.

Of all the actors, except Mrs. Jordan, we have to speak in terms of approbation. Mrs. Jordan was, indeed, so exceedingly coarse, so unlike a fine lady, which we do not remember she ever could be, and even so unlike a fine actress, which we are ready to acknowledge she is, that we do not know whether we should pity more the author, who was condemned to receive her as his heroine, or the public, who were so unlucky as to witness her performance. Among the actors who deserve our approbation, Mr. Elliston and Mr. Bannister, are particularly prominent. The one excelled in a highly agreeable ease, the other in an admirably natural awkwardness. *Cheviot* was a man of genius, and *Echo* was a man of feeling; and Mr. Elliston and Mr. Bannister, both shewed themselves men of genius and feeling too.

The prologue was written by the author, and is not very remarkable for any merit or defect. The Epilogue is the production of Mr. M. G. Lewis, and contains a string of pleasant puns upon the title of the comedy.

On the 22d of April was performed, for the first time, a *Ballet d'action* called *Caractacus*. A more uninteresting piece of splendour it has not for a long time been our misfortune to witness. The *Dramatis Personæ* were as follows:—

BRITONS.

Caractacus,	Mr. D'Egville.
Ulwy,	Mr. Robert.
Hengo,	Miss C. Bristow.
Modred,	Mr. Cooke.
Mador,	Mr. Smith.
Isla,	Miss Gayton.
Ethelinde,	Mrs. Sharp.

ROMANS.

Cæsar,	Mr. Cranfield.
Claudius,	Mr. Fisher.
Drusus,	Mr. Male.
Marcus,	Mr. Laurent.

The time of the piece is the epoch of the Roman invasion of Britain. *Modred*, the high priest, and *Mador*, the chief of the bards, enter with their attendants, and in an impressive anthem announce a sacrifice. The stone altar is prepared, and *Isla*, the destined victim, is introduced. She is about to be immolated for the propitiation of the war-deities, when *Ulwy*, her lover, enters to entreat her liberation: he is repulsed, and *Caractacus*, the chief, then appears, and saves her life.—*Marcus*, one of the Roman chiefs is taken prisoner, and brought into the strong place of the priests, but escapes by clambering along the boughs that overhang the spot of his confinement. *Claudius*, *Drusus*, and other Romans come to his release: a battle takes place between the Romans and Britons, in which the latter are defeated.—The Second Act represents the Britons dispersed, and *Caractacus* and his boy *Hengo* flying among the fastnesses. A Roman soldier shoots the child, and *Caractacus* kills the soldier with a fragment of the rock. The child dies, the Romans seize *Caractacus*, and carry him with *Ethelinde* and others of the Britons, in triumph to Rome.—In the Third Act, after much of procession, the Roman generals bring *Caractacus* before the throne of *Claudius Cæsar* the Emperor: who, as far as we could understand, appeared to extend his mercy to the conquered chief, and to unite him to *Ethelinde*.

From this plot our readers will perceive that little could be expected—and accordingly little has resulted. The total absence of dramatic incident (except in the single instance of the shooting of the child, which was not very effective, and which is borrowed from Beaumont and Fletcher's Play of *Bonduca*), is a fault against which no magnificence of scenery, no pomp of procession, can successfully struggle. The affairs of a nation will never interest upon

the stage: it is the personal adventure or distress of some prominent individual or individuals that excites the sympathy of an audience. So the misfortunes of *Ugolino* and his sons who were starved to death in prison, fill our minds with pity and with horror; but the history of a blockaded town where famine carries off whole hundreds in a day, is read almost without emotion: for our minds have not an infinitely extensive faculty of pitying, and the interest is dissolved in the generalization. Now in this ballet *Caractacus* ought to be the interesting personage; but *Caractacus* does nothing to excite our interest. He fights with his countrymen for his country, but that has nothing in it remarkable. He rescues a victim from death, but he rescues her without incurring any difficulties. He kills the murderer of his child; but he accomplishes that revenge without danger to himself. The only interest then must be the interest for the Britons: but we have said that the misfortunes of a nation are not the subjects of a dramatic interest, or indeed of any lively interest at all. And if they were, we should regret to see such a spring of interest touched at a moment like the present; for though we abhor the wretched patriotism that effervesces in our scenic soldiers and sailors, yet we do not wish, by a representation of British discomfiture, to see the stage made the vehicle of reproach to our ancestors, or of discouragement to our cotemporaries.

The expence of this piece must have been enormous: but it seems to have been incurred with little judgment, except as far as concerns the music. The music has a character of simplicity and grandeur, which produced a great effect upon the audience, and which reflects high honour on the genius of Mr. Bishop, the composer. The overture was particularly striking, and seems to have been conceived with a noble disdain of all the pantomime trickery of triangles and jig tunes.

There was great opposition at the annunciation of the Piece for a second performance.

Mr. Cumberland's opera of *The Jew in Mogadore*, will be immediately brought forward; and we hear that *The Critic* is in rehearsal.

COVENT GARDEN.

At this theatre, where Shakspeare and nature once held sway, where criticism was formerly exercised on the first works that the combined arts of poetry and acting could produce—at this theatre, a thing has been brought out, called *Bonifacio and Bridgetina, or the Knight of the Hermitage, or the Windmill Turret, or the Spectre of the North-East Gallery.* This piece, we are sorry to find, is the production of Mr. Thomas Dibdin; and a feeling of lenity to this author, who has been often undeservedly attacked, would induce us to be more than ordinarily gentle in our observations on the present afterpiece, if it were not so despicably bad as to make gentleness absolutely absurd. It is a mock melodrama, and is intended as a burlesque upon the pieces which have lately become so fashionable. It is a very harmless attack on the authors of other melodramas; but it is a most bitter satire on its own author, and on the proprietors who brought it forward.

Sir Hildebrand.....Mr. Simmons.
Bonifacio.....Mr. Blanchard.
Magician.....Mr. Farley.
Soldier.....Mr. Liston.
Bridgetina.....Mrs. Gibbs.
Bonifacio's Mistress.....Mrs. Liston.

These characters walk about, and throw themselves into attitudes, talk nonsense, and sing songs, for three-quarters of an hour, or an hour, and then the curtain drops.

Nor did the curtain drop on the first night without a volley of hisses; but the disapprobation of the public availed little. An immense expence in scenery, dresses, and decorations—the reward of Mr. Dibdin, who wrote the piece—the reward of Captain Hewitson, who was the usher of *The Blind Boy*, and who brought the French book from which Mr. Dibdin manufactured this piece—and the reward of the composer, who selected and arranged the music—composed a sum too large for Mr. Harris to think of sacrificing to that public from whom all such sums sprung, and for whose benefit they ought to be employed.

There was a time, when plays would quietly submit to their fate, and retire from the stage, after a home thrust from the audience; but in these days though a mortal blow has been given by the denunciation of the spectators, the piece continues to rear its head; and in spite of the most thorough destruction and damnation, a posthumous melodrama rises to "push us from our stools." To push us from our stools, in the literal sense of the phrase, for he must be possessed of more than ordinary fortitude who can sit still at the representation of such a piece as the Covent Garden melodrama. The Proprietor of a Theatre once considered himself as amenable to the tribunal of the public: he used to think that it was his

duty, as well as his interest, to comply with their sense, when decidedly expressed; but that happy period is past; he now makes the public his convenience, not his oracle; and with an independence truly Roman, he exclaims:

——*Mihi res, non me rebus subjungere conor.*

Indeed the scheme seems to answer pretty well; for by dint of perseverance he at last forces the public into a patient endurance of almost any nonsense; and the people by long habit acquire a relish for the poisonous messes which their purer palate at first received with loathing. The sentence of the first night is wiped away by the play-bill of the second morning; which, with a power most admirably magical, can turn hisses into plaudits, and transform the confusion of an execrating multitude into the extacy of admiring ranks; which can give to the grin of contempt an expression resembling the burst of delight, and change the angry shout of indignation to the festive roar of merriment. Indeed, a play-bill is a composition of true sublimity, according to the best definitions of the sublime: for it says a great deal to the ear, and leaves a great deal for the imagination. To the ear it speaks in the promissory passages, where we find the words *grand*, *comic*, *splendid*, &c. &c. all of which have a great effect upon the vulgar. And as to the imagination, that faculty of the mind is called into ample exercise by the historical portion of the play-bill, where the public are desired to believe that a piece has been received with unanimous applause, when it has in fact been totally condemned. Certainly the Proprietors deserve great credit for the wonderful powers of invention which they display on these occasions; contriving glories which they have never earned, creating a fictitious reputation, and spinning, like the spider, from their own frame, a covering of comfort and security.

The play-bills announcing *Bonifacio and Bridgetina*, have possessed these merits in a peculiar degree. And there are other *minutiæ* in the arrangement of these bills, which also merit very high approbation. For whereas ignorant people would have placed the names of the actors and characters first, the Proprietors have here given the first rank to those of the machinists and decorators, well knowing that the machinists and decorators are the persons who really make the piece. Nor can we refuse our tribute of admiration to the title, which sets the melodrama in so many different lights, that every person's attention is sure to be roused. He whose enthusiasm is not excited by the silver-sweet names of *Bonifacio and Bridgetina*, will perhaps be struck with reverence by the appearance of a knightly hermit: The *Windmill of the Turret* attracts the notice of the volatile, and the melancholy are moved by the hope of beholding *a Spectre in a Gallery*.

To be serious, for really this profanation of the stage is become almost too lamentable for a joke, was there ever an advertisement issued at Bartholomew Fair more completely derogatory from the dignity of an elegant art, than the play-bills that we have just now cited? Pantomimes are the legitimate amusement of children: long custom has sanctioned their exhibition, and they are constantly brought out at the holidays. But such a thing as this is not warranted by custom; it is not presented before a youthful audience; it is not reconcileable to the plain principles of common sense: it is an absurd burlesque on an entertainment which is not absurd. The story and situations of the piece are such as excite no risibility in the audience; and the whole of the joke is made to consist in the utter folly and vulgarity of the dialogue. But the true burlesque is produced not by weakening, but by exorbitantly overdoing reality; and the bombastic, not the familiar style, is the proper vehicle of such humour. If there was to be a burlesque upon melodramas at all, it ought to have been mean in the situations, and lofty in the language, rather than lofty in the situations, and in the language mean. The exaltation of a trifle may amuse, but the degradation of splendour can only disgust. The humour of Fielding's Covent-garden Tragedy, which is by far the best of all the burlesques, consists in vulgar incident with swelling dialogue; and we are entertained by observing how the commonest occurrences may be magnified. In this melodrama people in perilous circumstances and rich attire are made to talk like chimney-sweepers; and we are displeased to observe how grandeur may be humbled. It has been observed upon Gulliver's Travels, that the greatness of the little Lilliputians is admirable, but that the littleness of the great Brobdignagians is totally foreign to all the principles of taste.

If the Proprietors are to continue this system of nonsense, of what use is the Theatre as a national concern? Taste and judgment are put totally aside: the imitation of Nature is abandoned for a bastard ballet: the stores of

the treasury are wasted in shows to bribe the town's endurance of inanity; and Dr. Johnson's poetry is but too near to truth when, in declaring the possible vicissitudes of a London Theatre, his prologue exclaims:—

"Perhaps, (for who can guess the effects of
"chance?)
"Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may
"dance!"

At this Theatre Shakespeare's Comedy of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* has been revived with great expence. The play is thus represented:—

Duke of Milan,.....Mr. Murray.
Valentine,.....Mr. Kemble.
Protheus,.....Mr. Pope.
Anthonio,.....Mr. Cresswell.
Thurio,.....Mr. Liston.
Eglamour,.....Mr. Claremont.
Speed,.....Mr. Blanchard.
Launce,.....Mr. Munden.
Julia,.....Miss Smith.
Silvia,.....Miss Norton.
Lucetta,.....Miss Waddy.

Prothens loves *Julia*, a lady of Verona, and sends her a letter by her maid *Lucetta*. After seeming coyness, she returns his passion, but their loves are interrupted by the command of *Anthonio*, *Protheus's* father, who forces his son to travel, and join young *Valentine*, at Milan. *Valentine*, at Milan, falls in love with *Silvia*, the Duke's daughter, to whom he introduces his friend *Protheus*; *Protheus* seeing her, becomes inconstant to *Julia*. *Valentine* confides to *Protheus* his intention of stealing away by night his beloved *Silvia*, who is to descend from her window by a ladder of ropes; and the false *Prothèus*, in jealousy, betrays the plot to the Duke. *Valentine* is discovered, and banished from Milan: he falls among the outlaws, is chosen their Captain, and dwells in the woods, attended by his servant *Speed*. *Julia*, unknowing of *Protheus's* inconstancy, assumes male attire, and follows him to Milan, where she finds him with *Thurio*, a conceited suitor of *Silvia*, serenading her at the palace window. She engages herself as his page, and is even sent by him to request *Silvia's* picture, which she obtains. *Silvia*, harrassed by her father, who would persuade her to marry *Thurio*, flies under the protection of *Eglamour* in search of *Valentine*. The *Duke* and his attendants, *Thurio*, and *Protheus* with his servants *Launce* and *Julia*, pursue the fugitives. *Silvia* and *Eglamour* are seized by the outlaws in the wood, and *Silvia* is rescued by *Protheus*, who sues for her favour in return of his service.—This interview takes place in the wood within hearing of *Valentine*, who rushes forward, and reproaches *Protheus* with his perfidy. *Protheus* repents, and *Valentine* restores him to his friendship. *Julia* discovers herself, and once more becomes dear to her reformed lover.—The *Duke* is brought in by the outlaws; he is pleased with the generous spirit of *Valentine*, unites him to *Silvia*, and pardons the free-booters. Scattered through the play are scenes of low comic dialogue between the two servants *Launce* and *Speed*.

This play, if it had not been published with the name of Shakspeare, would probably never have been known to any body but the commentators on the old dramas. There is an incident in the third act: *Valentine's* rope-ladder is taken from his cloak by the *Duke*—and there is a situation in the fifth: *Valentine* discovers *Protheus* wooing *Silvia*—but we can see nothing else in the whole play deserving any praise for dramatic construction; and even the detection of the rope-ladder, though naturally managed, produces little effect. Indeed the earlier half of the play is one of the dullest exhibitions that ever an audience tolerated: the fourth act is better, and the last scene in the fifth act is decidedly good: but all this, at best, can only make *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* a strong half-price Play. Nor is the absence of incident and interest compensated by much poetical beauty in the dialogue: there are two or three fine touches of nature, but they are too fine for common spectators, and will hardly make the revival answer to the Theatre. Among these are the soliloquy of *Julia* on receiving *Protheus's* loving letter; and *Julia's* comparison of herself with the picture of *Silvia*.

The revival of the good plays of our good authors is always to be encouraged and applauded; but this play seems to have been revived, not because it was a good play, but because it was the play of a good author. We shall always extol the medical power that can raise from the torpor of numbing oblivion those forgotten works which still retain the sparks of life: but we cannot approve the galvanic vehemence that tortures unredeemable mortality, and forces corruption into notice.

Mr. Kemble performed *Valentine* with little effect in the earlier part of the play: but in the fifth act he blazed with all his wonted splendour. We are always sorry to see him repre-

senting a lover: strength, rather than tenderness, is the characteristic of his genius. His *softness* is always too *hard*, and his *dejection* too *dignified*, for the performance of amatory parts. In his address to *Thurio* at the end of the play, where *Valentine*, though he does not cease to love, is certainly more a hero than a lover, Mr. Kemble electrified the audience: perhaps, indeed, there never was an actor so eminently gifted for the expression of rapid declamation and lofty passion. Mr. Pope did justice to the part of *Protheus*: Mr. Liston, throughout the conceited gentility of *Thurio*, was admirably humorous, and Mr. Munden was exceedingly natural and quaint in the little character of *Launce*. Miss Smith is entitled to high encomium as the representative of *Julia*: she seems determined to make the London public lament more than ever her transit to the Dublin boards. She is peculiarly excellent in the delineation of speechless grief and patient suffering. We cannot praise the *Silvia* of Miss Norton. She has not yet reformed her bad habit of bringing out her words by syllables, when she should speak them in sentences. Language ought to flow in a continued gush: not to distil like drops into a water-tub.

ORATORIOS.

The Oratorios, which have been carried on under the guidance of Mr. Ashley, are now concluded. As usual, the performances have been the pieces of Handel, occasionally varied with selections, &c.

The Oratorio seems to be a species of amusement but little suited for the English people. They do not relish music by rule, as foreigners do: they have no notion of admiring the composition of a mere master for the science which it displays, nor the executive power of a singer for the mere difficulties that it overcomes: they require something that shall operate upon their feelings, and pass the ear to the region of the heart. Handel is indeed a master, whose power of exciting sensations of deep pathos, of still sublimity, of mighty enthusiasm, has placed him on the highest roll of fame: but the mere excitation of these sensations, unconnected by story or interest, is not sufficient to occupy the attention of a large body of people for four successive hours. Besides, it will be observed, that the feelings even of the few who delight in these entertainments become more and more obtuse as the evening advances; and pieces of music, which would be hailed with rapture in the first act, pass off without an encore in the third. It cannot therefore, be matter of surprise, that the Oratorios in general are but thinly attended.

That which appears to have been most attractive is the *Messiah*: a work remarkable for a thousand beauties, and particularly pleasing to the multitude, from the grandeur of its chorusses, which are generally the most popular parts of an Oratorio. The singers have been Mrs. Dickons and Mrs. Bland, Miss Bolton and Madame Dussek: Mr. Braham, Mr. Bellamy, Mr. Doyle, Mr. Goss, and Mr. Grey. Mrs. Dickons and Mr. Braham are, neither of them, in our opinion, sufficiently natural and simple; they oftener astonish than charm us in the performance of Handel's works. Mrs. Bland and Miss Bolton, who certainly have not so much science, seem to us to possess much more of the genuine spirit in which such music should be sung. Nothing can be a more perfect example than the manner in which Mrs. Bland sings "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd." Madame Dussek has a lazy indolent style, which, though not without science, is certainly without grace or effect. Mr. Bellamy's grand voice is heard in sacred music with remarkable advantage: he is a singer of excellent judgment. Of the rest we have nothing particular to observe.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS,

FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL, 1808.

FOREIGN POLITICS.

SWEDEN.—The spirited Monarch of this now-interesting country (interesting in as much as it is the last retreat of liberty and independence *on the Continent*) is straining every nerve in concert with his little band of loyal and patriotic subjects, to guard against the Leviathan who has swallowed up the rights and free-will of his less resolute neighbours. On the side of Denmark, though a French army under Bernadotte is assembling with every facility which Denmark can give, we have no fears whatever,

as the British and Swedish naval forces are sufficient for her protection; but on the side of Finland we are sorry to observe, that all opposition to the superior force of the Russians, has as yet been unavailing. Little of the southern part of that province is left to Gustavus, except the sea ports, which will however afford a facility for the encrease of the Swedish army in that quarter, as soon as the gulph of Bothnia is open for our squadron; indeed we may soon expect to hear of active operations on that coast, or *somewhere* in its neighbourhood, as the expedition fitting out so rapidly at home, is evidently designed as a reinforcement to our squadron already there. The answer of his Swedish Majesty to the Danish declaration, is a masterpiece of elegant yet simple reasoning, and has thrown the cabinet of Elsineur completely on the horns of a dilemma.

TURKEY.—From the paucity of intelligence to be acquired now of the real state of the Continent, little is known of the situation of the Ottoman empire; however, from the well-known policy and rapacity not only of the French ruler, but also of some of his *allies*, we may fairly judge that the dismemberment of that once powerful State is not far distant.—Indeed it appears that a plan of the intended partition is handed about confidentially, in which France of course is to have the largest share, possessing Greece, Albania, and all the islands, at the same time *receiving* from Austria, Trieste, and its territory, &c. To give effect on *her* part to this arrangement, Austria is said to be assembling an army in Hungary; this army however, unless she is completely sunk at the feet of France, she may soon want for her own protection. The Porte seems as if awaking from a trance, and is evidently in some measure sensible of its own danger, as means are taking to reinforce the army, not only by enlistment on this side of the Bosphorus, but also by the assembling of a large army in the Asiatic provinces to the amount of 150,000 men, whom the latest accounts say are under the most positive orders to repair to the capital with all the expedition possible.—Though *Turkey* is still at war with *us*, it would not be the strangest among strange events, to see the British force now blockading her capital, soon employed in the more friendly office of affording facilities to the passage of these troops, for soon, indeed, will Britain be the only friend she has left.

SPAIN.—The fate of this country seems now hastening to a denouement, whose *last* page will be read on the arrival of Bonaparte at Madrid; we shall then be able to develope the plot of the late occurrences in that capital, and to determine whether the Prince of Peace has fallen a victim to popular rage, for *honestly* proposing the emigration of that last branch of the Bourbons, or whether he is not still performing the principal part in the under-plot. The latter of these conjectures is, indeed, the most likely, as there is no ostensible cause why he should all at once *turn honest;* and as it must be the policy of Napoleon, to conciliate as well as to conquer, nothing could afford a greater facility to his plans than the voluntary emigration of the Spanish Monarch. In the meantime, the French troops have complete military possession of the northern provinces; and in the absence of their own native forces, the Spaniards have little to do but look on as silent spectators of a new revolution, and the downfall of the reigning family. Though we would not encourage rebellion towards a *parent* State, yet surely under passing circumstances, we would now be justified in the eyes of posterity, in affording every assistance to the independence of the Spanish colonies.

AMERICA.—The recent arrival of Mr. Rose from his mission, has given rise to much speculation on the relations of the two countries; nothing, however, is known at the going to press of this sheet, except that the affair of the Chesapeake has been adjusted, though the embargo still continues on the other side of the Atlantic. This, however, has been stated by the American Government, as not being intended particularly to operate against *us;* indeed there is no doubt, however we must feel it in some degree, yet that it is not of that *weighty* importance some of our daily papers would affix to it, whilst the non-importation act continues. That act, whatever may be its motive, is most certainly *hostile* in its operation, we fear not, however, but that the good sense of America, and the wants of the people, will bring things round to their old system, when popular ferment begins to subside. The views of France on the side of Florida, must soon open the eyes of the thinking part of that people to their own immediate danger, and though we never expect to be *loved* by America, yet her own necessities will soon point out that France is the only power to be *feared*. It appears that a plan is proposed to change the seat of Government from Washington to Philadelphia! a change, which though apparently simple, may lead to important consequences.

DOMESTIC POLITICS.

The Easter recess having given a respite to the jarring views of the ins and outs, the public attention seems now more turned towards the consideration of our situation in general: Conjecture has now wearied itself in tracing the route of the Rochefort squadron, and the return of Sir J. Duckworth, after an unsuccessful cruize, has shewn that the numerous reports of the last three weeks are totally unfounded. Their arrival in the Mediterranean seems also to be doubtful; and in that quarter we have to announce the evacuation of our last strong hold in Calabria, an evacuation however creditable to those employed in it, as it was totally impossible to defend the rock of Scylla against an enemy who could bring battering guns against it. Much importance, much more than it deserves, has been given by the daily prints to the operations of some of our merchantmen with letters of marque, employed in a kind of warlike commerce to the island of St. Domingo; the recriminations and accusations in some of these papers shew us that even Petion and Christophe have their partisans in this country, and may even have *printers* also.

In our domestic retrospect of the past month, we feel the most melancholy sensations in adverting to the repeated acts of suicide committed by individuals of both sexes, numerous to a degree unprecedented, and perpetrated by people who, from their stations and connexions in life, would have been supposed the least likely to commit an act of that nature. It has been observed, however, that few *male* suicides are to be found among the lower classes of life, whilst on the contrary, almost every *female* instance, is amongst the dependent part of our fair country women, and generally proceeding from the effects of illicit love; these considerations open a field for the moralist and for the active philanthropist, which, however, in this short retrospect, we have not time to enter into.

The petitions for peace, and in favour of the reversion bill, seem now forgotten, they will, however, soon be replaced by petitions *against* the sugar distillery bill, from most of the barley countries. On this subject there seems a kind of jealousy between the landed and commercial interests, which we cannot approve of, nor can we be convinced that the trial of the experiment for one year could be productive of injury to the farmer, in lowering the price of his produce; particularly as one consequence of the lowness of price, if it did take place, would be to give the poor man his loaf a little cheaper than these regulators of the market seem to think it *ought* to be; besides, if the whole demand which the *distillery* gives for barley, were taken out of the market, it would not be equal to the decrease of importation, which must ensue, in the present state of things, both on the Continent and in America.

PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Monday, March 28, The Royal Assent was given to the Orders in Council Bill; and the House proceeded to hear evidence against the Orders in Council: the tendency of this evidence was to prove that the present stagnation of commerce was owing to these Orders. The witnesses declared that the remittances also from the continent, had considerably declined.

On Tuesday, Lord Holland entered into the general policy of the Orders in Council, recommended the cherishing of friendship with America, and moved some resolutions forming an abstract of his speech. Lord Westmoreland in answer asserted that if war were to take place with America it would be owing more to the speeches of the Opposition than to the measures of Ministers. Lords Grenville and Hawkesbury severally spoke, and the resolutions were negatived without a division.

Nothing but routine business took place until Friday the 1st of April, when his Grace of Norfolk presented a Petition from the Corporation of London, praying for the abolition of sinecure places and pensions.

On Monday the 4th, the Irish East India Trade Bill was received from the Commons; and Lord Holland presented a Petition from Mr. De Testat, against the Bark Bill. On Tuesday, Lord Auckland objected to the Orders in Council Bill, as in direct opposition to the articles of the Union, and complained of the great number of bills on the subject. On Friday the 8th, a long debate took place on the second reading of the Scotch Judicature Bill. The Lord Chancellor explained, that, with respect to the trial by jury, the Bill went merely to enable his Majesty to appoint commissioners to inquire how far, and in what cases, it might be expedient to introduce that institution in civil actions; and the Cotton Exportation Bill was read a third time and passed on a division of 44 to 13.

Monday, April 11, Lord Grenville presented a Petition from a large body of Irish Catholics, praying the repeal of the disqualifying statutes; and his Lordship further stated, that there was some informality in the mode of annexing the names to the Petition. Many

thousands, he observed, were the signatures of the persons whose names were there, but many others, were only signed by the authority of the persons there designated. After some conversation the Petition was allowed to lie on the table, being received as the Petition of those only whose real signatures were attached to it.

On Tuesday, Earl Stanhope called the attention of the House to the Indictment Bill, which he observed, purported to be a Bill to amend the law, but in his opinion made it worse. On the first reading of the Reversion Suspension Bill, Lord Moira declared his dissent from it in its present state, and recommended a conference with the other House.

On Thursday, April 14, after hearing the Royal Assent to many Bills, the House adjourned for a fortnight.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Monday, March the 28th, after some conversation on the proposed mediation of Austria, Mr. Banks moved for leave to bring in a Bill, Prohibiting the Grant of Offices for Joint Lives, with Benefit of Survivorship. Mr. Perceval declared that he had no objection to the motion, but would in some future stage propose such amendments as would insure its passing the other House. Mr. Dundas defended the Prerogative of the Crown, and insisted that if the Bill passed into a law, it would not have the effect anticipated by the Honourable Mover.

On Tuesday Lord Folkstone made his promised motion for the Restoration of the Danish fleet; and argued that Ministers had shewn no ground whatever for its capture. Mr. S. Thornton in reply conceived that the conduct of Ministers was justified by that line of conduct which Belligerents had a right to resort to; and thought at least that the question of its Restoration ought to be left to the discretion of Ministers. The motion was lost, on a division. On Wednesday nothing interesting passed in the House, and on Thursday Lord A. Hamilton moved for the Indemnification of the Nabob of Oude, for the treatment he had experienced from the Marquis of Wellesley. Lost on a division 80 to 20.

Friday, 1st of April, the Sheriffs of London presented a Petition from the Corporation, in favour of the Reversion Bill; and some petitions were presented for and against the Vauxhall Bridge Bill. In a Committee of Ways and Means, the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed that the management of the Game Duties should go with the Assessed Taxes, and that woodcocks and snipes should, in future, be considered as game; together with an additional 2 per cent. on the *amount* of the Assessed Taxes, annually about 110,000*l*.

After some observations on the vexatious surcharges of surveyors, the House adjourned.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, were taken up with uninteresting details; but on Thursday Lord Castlereagh gave notice, that he would bring forward his motion on the Defence of the Country, on Tuesday next. The House having gone into a Committee on the Reversion Bill, Mr. Bankes moved, that the first blank be filled up with—"for one year, "and from thence till six weeks after the next "sessions of Parliament." The Chancellor of the Exchequer rejoiced that the Honourable Gentleman had adopted this arrangement, as in any other shape he feared it would still retain the principal objections which proved fatal to the former measure. He still must say that he had not in any degree changed the opinion which he had all along professed with regard to the supposed intrinsic utility of the measure, and he doubted its tendency to produce any economy in the public expenditure. Mr. Whitbread was certain that the beneficial effects of the Bill would ultimately prove a great saving to the public, yet still he was not friendly to the Bill in its limited state, and he even feared, modified as it was, that it would meet the fate of the former Bills. Mr. Fuller considered the present Bill merely as a tub for the whale, but since the people wished for the measure, he was anxious that they should be gratified.

On Friday, Mr. Whitbread's motion for the Russian Papers passed, with an amendment of Lord G. L. Gower's.

Monday, April 11, the Chancellor of the Exchequer brought forward his Budget, the additional annual charge being 750,000*l*. for a loan of eight millions, and four millions of Exchequer Bills. To cover this he proposed to take the short annuities fallen in, 380,000*l*.; annual saving in the management of the public debt, 650,000*l*.; increase on the assessed taxes, 125,000*l*. and some modifications and additions in the stamp duties, amounting to 200,000*l*. These latter regulations, consisted of stamps on insurances of lives, country bank notes, transfers of shares in joint stock companies, and on conveyances.

On Tuesday, a Petition from the Roman Catholics of Ireland, was presented by Mr. Grattan, which was circumstanced with respect to

signatures, as the one brought up by Lord Grenville in the other House; after some comments the Petition was withdrawn. Lord Castlereagh brought forward his new Militia Plan, for the internal defence of the country, in which his Lordship took a comprehensive view of the different military establishments. After paying many compliments to the volunteer force, and stating that it was not his intention to interfere with the arrangements already existing, he proposed a Bill to enable his Majesty to raise a local militia of 60,000, to be trained a certain number of days annually for four years, but not to be marched out of their county. A new ballot to take place at the end of four years; all persons from 18 to 35 liable to serve, and no exemptions whatever, not even for those who had found substitutes for the militia, nor volunteers who had not entered before a certain period. In extreme cases, fines to be permitted, but no insurance whatever against the chance of the ballot. The whole annual expence, he stated at 4*l.* per man, and the period of annual service to consist of 28 days.

Leave to this effect was given, and on Thursday, the 14th, the House adjourned for the Easter holidays.

LONDON AND FASHIONABLE VARIETIES.

PARTICULARS OF MR. PAULL'S DEATH.

THE inquest was held at Mr. Paull's house, in Charles-street, St. James's-square, before Anthony Gell, Esq.

John Bastick, butler and valet to Mr. Paull, deposed, that on Friday morning, April 15, he came home about five o'clock. He went up stairs to bed; and about ten o'clock a maid-servant lighted his fire, preparatory to his getting up. There was a chasm here in the chain of evidence, which was supplied by the testimony of the girl. She went up at twelve, but the room door was then fastened, and Mr. Paull told her not to let the man up until he rang for him. At two she went up again, and the door was still fastened. She then delivered a letter to him, going from the front room by an intermediate door into the back room. He repeated his order not to be disturbed. The girl, recollecting that he had not long before that said, that, "when he died, which would be soon, "he trusted that his body would be conveyed "to the East Indies, and blown up," became alarmed. She knew that he was to have dined out that day, and having heard him say, a short time before, that he had given her a deal of trouble whilst he was ill of the wound which he received in the duel with Sir F. Burdett, but that "a short time will put an end to it all;" observing that he had lain in bed unusually late, that he kept the outside door locked, contrary to his usual custom, and recollecting these expressions which he had before made use of, she went up stairs again, a little before five o'clock, into the front room, to call him up. She heard him moan, but had not courage to go into the room. Her mind foreboded her of what had happened; she screamed, and called Bastick, the butler and valet, who came up, and went with her into the room. Mr. Paull was then discovered lying on his bed with his feet upon the bolster, on the left hand side (as it may be called) his body lying in a diagonal line across the bed, and his head resting on a wash-hand stand. He had three cuts in the upper part of his right arm, and his neck was cut from the right ear to the chin, so deep as nearly to sever the head from the body. However, Mr. Paull had then some symptoms of life. Mr. Brodie, a surgeon, was sent for; he immediately came, but Mr. Paull was by that time quite dead. The carotid artery on the right side of the neck was completely separated; the trachea or windpipe was not in the smallest degree injured, but there was such a vast effusion of blood upon the bed, about the floor, and on the wash-hand stand, evidently having proceeded chiefly from the neck, that the Surgeon ascribed the cause of death to that wound only. Both servants deposed, that they had lately perceived a considerable change in the temper and conduct of the deceased; that he would, for instance, write a note or letter, and send for it back again; that he would order his carriage to the door sometimes, after it had waited there a long time, forget his former order, and give fresh orders for it to be brought; at other times forgetting his first purpose altogether not to go out that evening.—Mr. Butler, of St. James's-street, deposed, that the deceased used to dine very frequently at his house; that he was formerly a very cheerful, goodnatured

sort of a person, but that latterly he became irascible in his temper, and incoherent in his manner of speaking, but most particularly when any thing connected with East India affairs was mentioned. From the various disappointments that the deceased had met with, and from the irascibility of his mind, the Jury were convinced of his insane state, and returned their Verdict—Lunacy.

The body of Mr. Paull was removed from his house in Charles-street, at six o'clock on Thursday morning, April 21, and interred in St. James's church-yard. The funeral was very private, and the body was deposited on the western side of the church-yard. It is said, that Mr. Paull lost 1600*l.* at the gaming table, on the night previous to his committing the rash act of suicide; 500*l.* of which was lent to him by a Marquis. The will of Mr. Paull has been found sealed up, and addressed to Mr. Wollesley, of Shropshire, who was one of his most particular friends. On the day after the suicide, four sealed packets from India were delivered at his house. It is supposed they contain pearls to a considerable amount.

The Egyptian piece of ordnance in St. James's Park, mounted on a new carriage made of English oak, with cast-iron wheels, is again exposed to public view. The different figurative entablatures representing a distant view of the Camp before Alexandria, and the Battle of Aboukir at sun-set, to which Britannia is seen exultingly pointing, together with the aligator, descriptive of the River Nile, bronzed, are the same as before.

An elderly gentleman, who had been taking dinner a few days since with some friends, jocularly remarked, that few persons could boast of such curious antiquities and old acquaintances as were possessed by himself, stating, that the coat which he then wore upon his back, the watch which he had in his pocket, and his own age, amounted to nearly 300 years. His age was 81, his coat was 60 years old, and his watch, which went very well, had been in his family nearly 160 years.

PROVINCIAL VARIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE, APRIL 1.—The Chancellor's two gold medals, value 15 guineas each, for the two commencing Bachelors of Arts who shall acquit themselves the best in classical learning, are this year adjudged to Mr. Charles James Bloomfield, and Mr. Richard Ward, both of Trinity College.

The subject for the Members Prizes for this year are, for the Senior Bachelors, *Quæ præcipue sint labentis Imperii Indicia?* For the Middle Bachelors, *Quanquam Histrionis Artem miremur, quærendum tamen, utrum Mores Hominum emendet magis, an eorumpat Scæna?*

OXFORD, APRIL 16.—The number of degrees in Michaelmas term was—Two D. D. one D. C. L. four B. D. five B. C. L. forty-six M. A. twenty-seven B. A.

In Lent Term—Four D. D. twelve B. D. thirty-four M. A. one B. C. L. one D. Mus. forty-five B. A. one B. Mus.

A new method of curing cattle whose stomachs are swollen from having fed upon wet forage, was some time since announced in the French Journals. It consists in administering to the animal the twentieth part of a pound of gunpowder, mixed in a pint of milk, when first seized with the colic, from eating grass or clover highly charged with dew.

Flower of brimstone, sprinkled by a puff, dredging-box, or otherwise, on the leaves of vegetables, will effectually destroy worms and insects, and likewise promote the growth of the plant; peach-trees are particularly improved by the application.

The late invention for preventing carriages upsetting by inequalities in the road, consists of the axles being formed with hinges or joints, which allow the wheels to move up or down, without effecting the equilibrium of the body, which is further secured by an upwright bolt from the carriage, that leaves room for the motion of the body up and down, and springs bearing on the hinges.

A butterfly, of the kind called the Painted Butterfly, is now in full wing and vigour, in a house in Whitehaven, after enduring all the severity of the past winter.

Two lambs belonging to Mr. Gurney, of Earlham, Norfolk, were last week killed by a wild male cat. The lambs were found wounded in the neck, and the eye of one of them was torn out. The cat afterwards killed two kittens by sucking their blood from the side of the neck in the same manner, and being seen in the act led to the discovery of his having destroyed the lambs.

A valuable mare, belonging to Mr. Podmore, farmer, near Hawarden, Flintshire, was suddenly taken ill, after drinking some water in a pond, and all efforts to swallow any thing proved ineffectual. She swelled remarkably large, and lived two or three days in the most excruciating agony, when she died. On opening her, nothing was found in her bowels that could occasion her death; but on cutting open the wind-pipe, a large toad was discovered alive!—which she is supposed to have taken into that orifice on drinking the water.

As some workmen were digging a small court at Cheltenham, they found, within sixteen inches of the surface, a fresh-looking brown earthen pot, containing between 140 and 150 shillings of the reigns of Edward VI. Philip and Mary, Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. The whole were in tolerable good condition, and the pot, except from its shape, (which somewhat resembled a raisin jar) appeared as if but lately buried. From there being no coin, however, amongst them since those of Charles I. it is probable that the owner, concealed this little treasure during the dissentions that followed that reign, and falling a victim, never returned to reclaim it.

A Nobleman's game-keeper, in Kent, shot a hare, which, on taking up, he found to be very big with young; he therefore opened her with care, and drew forth two living leverets, which, on being wiped dry, skipped about the dead animal, and actually sucked her as long as warmth would admit the flow of milk. One of them died soon afterwards; but the other, we believe, is in a fair way of recovery.

BIRTHS.

At Whitehaven, the lady of Sir Joseph Stenhouse, of a son, being her ladyship's eleventh child, all of whom are now living.

At Exeter, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Watson, of the 5th dragoon guards, of a son.

In Berkeley-square, the lady of T. B. Lethbridge, Esq. M. P. of a daughter.

MARRIED.

At Brighton, by special licence, Brigadier-General Henry Frederic Campbell, to Mrs. Knox, widow of the late Lieut.-Col. Knox, of the 1st regiment of guards.

At Great Yarmouth, Mr. T. Gent, to Miss Horfor, daughter of Mr. Wm. Horfor.

On Tuesday, the 19th ult. at Aske, in Yorkshire, the Rev. William Wharton, to the Hon. Miss Dundas, daughter of Lord Dundas.

On the 16th ult. at Kneesworth Hall, the seat of Sir Charles Nightingale, Bart. James Murkland, Esq. of the 63d regiment, to Miss Nightingale, eldest daughter of the late Sir Edward Nightingale, Bart.

At Mappleton, in Holderness, Mr. William Stanfast, chimney-sweeper, who stands three feet four inches high, to Miss Elizabeth Cranswick, a stout blooming girl, of that place.

DIED.

At his house in Great George-street, Admiral Rainier.

The Dowager Countess of Fingal.—Her remains, after the funeral service in the Catholic chapel at Bristol, were deposited in a vault adjoining the chapel, to be removed at a more advanced part of the year to the family vault at Killeen, in Ireland.

At his mansion, at Roehampton, Benjamin Goldsmid, Esq. It is said he has left property to the amount of 400,000*l.* which goes chiefly to his children, with a handsome annuity to his widow. His three brothers are named his executors.

Friday, April 22, at his house, near Dean's Yard, Westminster, Mr. Hull, after a long and painful illness. He was in the 80th year of his age, and had been so long a member of the theatrical community, that he had become the father of the stage. He was originally in the medical profession, and among those who knew him long was generally styled Dr. Hull. He was a good scholar, and possessed some literary talents. He was the founder of that Institution which provides subsistence for Decayed Actors and Actresses when they are no longer qualified for the duties of their profession. Mr. Hull wrote a tragedy upon the subject of Fair Rosamond, which he dedicated to the memory of Shenstone, the poet, of whose friendship he was reasonably proud, and of whom he had an original portrait, which he held in great veneration. The principals of the theatrical fund, we understand, have requested permission to be at the expence of his funeral, which will be attended by most of the members of the profession.

On the 16th ult. Mr. Ledger, who for upwards of forty years held a confidential situation at Covent Garden Theatre, with credit to himself, and advantage to his employers, and to the sincere regret of all who knew him.

LE BEAU MONDE.

SINGULARITY.

AMIDST all the paradoxes of which human, or, we ought rather to say, *fashionable* life consists, there are none less noticed, yet perhaps none more glaring than this; that fashion should impel all her votaries to follow a certain *beaten track*, and at the same time that *singularity* should be fashionable! "We must "do as all the world does," is an excuse as old as our grandmothers; yet "all the world" is trying to do as man never did before, *nor woman either*.

A strict attention to this love of singularity, is not only inimical to a sense of propriety, and to a feeling of comfort, but in many instances might be shewn to be subversive of pleasure,—but stop! this is not our page for *moralizing*, no, gentle reader, we shall not be so unfashionable as to be serious in our address to the *Beau Monde*, though even *that* would be singular, in this singular age.

Singularity is often attempted by those who mistake novelty as the road to it; though no two things can be more different: Novelty we *pursue* for our *own* amusement, singularity we *follow* for the amusement of *others*. As the subject of our essay is a paradox, our essay itself may appear paradoxical also; let us then elucidate our positions:—the dashing *Benedict* who leaves his *Beatrice* at home, in all the *weary woe* of *widowed wretchedness*, or to amuse herself as she pleases, whilst he plucks every flower in the gay *parterre* of beauty, *he* is merely a pupil of *novelty*, but if he would be *singular*, he would stay at home: The gay *widow* of fifty-five, who changes her wig five times a day, is merely in pursuit of novelty, the singularity would be——but no! dear creatures, we will not touch a hair of their heads, but leave them to ornament *their own*, since cruel fate has robbed them of *that one* which had perhaps formed their principal amusement.

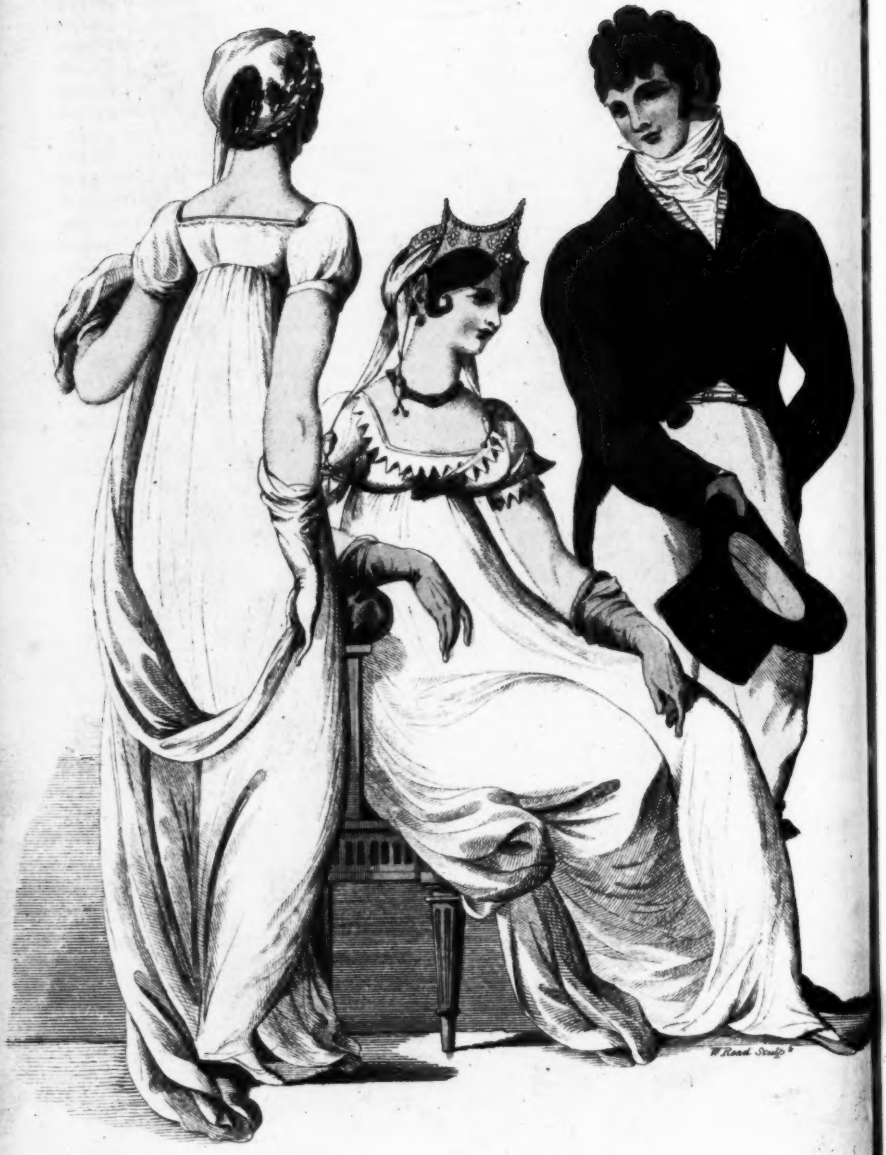
But 'tis not in novelty alone that singularity is sought for; nay it is even attempted by close *imitation*, else why should the man of fashion be the rival of his coachman on the box, or the lady teach the coachman to be the rival of his master. If the first fashionable demi-nude, who clothed herself in transparencies, had read her bible, she would have learned that there is no novelty in going naked, and were she to consult the plates of any modern voyage, she would find that even singularity must be sought for in some other dress than that of simple nature.

The knowing one, who walks *against* time, at the rate of seven miles an hour, or perhaps more patiently walks *with* it, for an hundred hours, may gain notoriety, but singularity is out of the question, for he is but the imitator of a longer-headed animal; were he indeed to walk a mile, to *serve* a friend, instead of winning his money, he might have *some* chance of being reckoned a singular character.

If singularity even were original, its charm must soon cease from our proneness to imitation; the Dowager who endeavours to eclipse all the little world, by her *crowded* routs, may easily be imitated and more easily surpassed by the mistress of a drawing-room, twelve feet square; the hero of the turf, in his pedestrian labours, must yield to the drover or itinerant pedlar, and the coronetted cornuto, who must apply to *the house* for a separation from his frail rib, is infinitely surpassed in the celerity of the operation, by the more humble *Benedict* who leads his better half to Smithfield market with a halter about her neck.

Notwithstanding this *frivolity* we have noticed in high life, there are many of its greatest ornaments which even the cynic must allow cannot derive their merit from their singularity, but become more valuable as they are more closely imitated; for even in the gayest circles, how many do we see who actually put on their clothes for the purpose of covering themselves, and who seem to recollect that a certain portion of obscurity is not only essential to the *sublime*, but also to the *beautiful*; who visit their acquaintance, in the hopes of finding them at *at home*, and who invite them in return, for the sake of their company; who keep coachmen for the purpose of driving, even though it were through Hyde Park; and who take more pleasure in mediating in a quarrel, than in making up a purse for a boxing match.

These milder tints in the landscape of human life, are less noticed however, as being less glaring, and of a softer outline than others, and though we shall be happy to see them become more fashionable, we are still happy to acknowledge that even now they possess but little *singularity*.



FULL DRESSES for MAY 1808.

Engraved & Coloured expressly & exclusively for Le Beau Monde, or Literary & Fashionable Magazine for May 1808

FASHIONS FOR MAY 1808.

LADIES' DRESSES.

Fig. No. 1.—The *Marmorice* cap is made of white crape ornamented with a small wreath of grape vine, and a bunch of grapes on the right side—the cap is left open behind, and falls flat over the left side of the head, finished with a tassel. A plain simple dress of white net over white satin—the body and skirt is quite plain and in one. The back and bosom of the dress are square, and faced with broad white satin ribbon all round—the sleeves are short and full, and are also set into a band of white satin, the train is short, and trimmed with satin to correspond with the dress. A rich lace drapery hangs in careless negligence over the arm and gives an additional grace to the elegance of the dress. Shoes white satin. Gloves white kid.

Fig. No. 2.—The *Patmos* cap has a diamond front, made chiefly of lace, satin, and white pearls—sits close to the end behind, and has three long tassels—one falls on each side of the neck, and the other, extremely long, lays on the right shoulder. The dress is composed of white crape, and made with a half train, the back is made high and confined round the shoulders so as to avoid the necessity of a tucker. The bosom is made straight, one side wraps across and meets in the centre with a pearl broach, trimmed round the neck with satin vandykes, set on a rich footing of point lace—the sleeves are made rather full on the top, open a little at the bottom, and fastened back with a pearl ornament—and below that is a trimming of lace and satin, and also at the bottom, to correspond with the upper part of the dress. Primrose coloured gloves and shoes.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON LADIES' DRESSES.

The prolongation of the inclement wintry season, and the chilling blasts of a late spring, if they have not laid a complete embargo on novelty and taste, as applicable to fashionable arrangements in dress, have yet partially blockaded not only the votaries of fashion, but also the assiduous and versatile priests and priestesses of the elegant and everchanging goddess, so that the promenades have as yet afforded but little variety.

Such is the patriotism of the day that even our "*gens fabricans de mode*" whether male or female, adopt their changes of fashion to our different scenes of victory, taking their names for each projected article either from the localities of past or *expected* triumphs. These modern priestesses of fashion therefore, like the priestesses of Delphos of old, seem, with a kind of prophetic spirit, to imagine that victories in the Levant shall grace the brow of Britannia, whilst the decorations marked by their names shall adorn the figures of her fairest daughters. In reference therefore to these eastern regions we find that the *Patmos* cap will be the *vernal* rage; this cap is worn with the *Patmos* vest, and is considered as the most superb and tasteful head-dress that has ever yet been introduced to our *élégantes* of rank and fashion. We are sorry not to be able to give an *exact* description of this unrivalled cap, the various ways in which it is formed, and the tasteful diversity of the ornaments which it is composed of, will only allow us to notice it generally: its component parts are of the purest virgin crape, relieved with graceful curves of the snowy pearl, and adapted, *ad libitum*, to the air and expression of the fair wearer's countenance; we must however refer our readers to the annexed Plate, and to the fashionable repository of its inventors, Roberts, Lees, and Williams, in Russell-street, Covent Garden.

In simple half dress the *Marmorice* cap and vest stand forward as candidates for public favour; from their elegance of simplicity and refined neatness, they are alike appropriate for the splendour of the ball room, or even the more retired evenings of domestic enjoyment, and are set off with a lace drapery, either thrown across the bosom, or gracefully wound round the arms. The vest is composed of white net, over a body of satin, and the cap is of white lace, slightly wreathed with sprigs of artificial vine. The general out-door costumes in the few fine days of the last weeks, have been sprigged Mameluke muslins, ornamented with a broad ribbon of the same colour as the sprig, together with sprigged satin pelisses, and the *Paisanne* and *Aurora* hats from Millard's *emporium* of fashion in Southampton-street.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESSES.

Fig. No. 3.—A bronze-coloured single lappelled coat, with covered buttons—fancy toilinet waistcoat, light kerseymere pantaloons, and Swedish hussar boots.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS FOR GENTLEMEN.

Of all the mischievous spirits which haunt the circles of society, none is more to be con-

demned than the spirit of fashionable rivalry; and yet the most obscure individual apes his superior in his apparel, and, as far as his finances will allow him, vanity and folly appear to be his leading characteristics. In the Sunday promenade (the Park) every one supposes he is taken for a man of fashion, and boasts of the Prince of Wales's *cut!* As our object is to improve, and not condemn their taste, we will give a minute description of the Prince's style of dress for the approaching summer; observing, at the same time, that as the Heir Apparent is considered to be the most elegant, so has he *always* been deemed the best dressed Gentleman in England. The Prince being thus the standard for every thing elegant, we hope that our advice may be of some service to the Fashionable World.

The Prince of Wales's *morning dress* is either a chesnut brown, or a bottle-green cloth coat, with a fancy-stripe waistcoat, and light stone-colour musquito pantaloons. The coat is made short in the waist and the skirts, without pockets or flaps, with a silk or covered buttons of the same colour; the cape or collar is made to sit close around the neck, with a becoming fall in front, which shows a small portion only of the waistcoat. The lower part of the lappel is not cut in the usual *vulgar* manner, but forms an elegant *slope*, the outline of which was furnished by the Prince himself. No part of the waistcoat is to be seen beneath the lappel. No silk facings to the coat, nor slashed sleeves. Shoes and strings.

For Full Dress.—A dark blue coat, with gold basket buttons, made exactly similar to the above; no silk linings. A white waistcoat, single breast. Black silk stocking-breeches and stockings, all in one piece: no buttons at the knees or strings. This longitudinal pantaloon terminates with round-toed Spanish leather shoes and silk strings. Great coats of dark bottle-green cloth, with velvet collar and facings; no silk linings, they being exploded as completely *outré!* An Opera hat finishes the outline.

SPORTING VARIETIES.

Epping Hunt.—On this long wished for day of annual fun and frolic, the civic Sportsmen were placed like Capt. Macheath, between Lucy and Polly, having no less than *two* Easter Hunts, at which to sport their dashing Rosinantes—Epping, and Windsor Forests.

The roads leading eastward from the Metropolis, were crowded at an early hour, with every *thing* that could carry a saddle. The motley groupe being assembled at the Bald-faced Stag, the customary libations to the Goddess of the chace, were poured out under the auspices of the High Priest of fun, the jolly Landlord. The Saffron Walden hounds, which had been procured for the occasion, and a Stag also, which had been thought *necessary* for a hunt, were soon in waiting at Fair Maid's Bottom; every necessary precaution was then taken of girthing saddles on, &c. &c. and happy would it have been for many a luckless wight, if the riders had been girthed on also. The Stag, as if conscious that the *best* road for his pursuers, was the *road to town*, pushed on for Chigwell-row, and after a run of fifty minutes, took soil in a pond in that neighbourhood, when *some* of his gay followers, better mounted than their companions, had nearly completed their *literal* boast, of being *in* at the death.

The Windsor Hunt, from its extreme distance from town, could boast of but few *metropolitan* Actæons, and of the few who came, their cattle were too much fatigued to start from Swinley Lodge, where a numerous party were regaled by Marquis Cornwallis. At ten, a stag was turned out at Tower-hill, on *Bagshotheath*, to a field of 300: he made a sharp burst, passed the Golden Farmer, doubled towards Cobham, pushed through the inclosures of Bagshot, where few could follow him, and was taken after a run of an hour and a half.

Boxing.—The match between young Belcher and Dogherty, formerly fixed at Mousley, was decided on Thursday, April 15, on a summit, near the Rubbing-house, on Epsom Downs.

To detail the particulars would be only to state, that Belcher's fists were never away from Dogherty's face, and the blows of the former were put in with as much strength at the 19th round as at the commencement; but Dogherty was fighting under heavy hurts, and Belcher was amusing himself, as if sparing in the Fives Court. The 24th round reduced the battle to a certainty, notwithstanding Dogherty appeared determined not to resign till nature compelled him. In this round Belcher hit him three or four severe blows in the face, and at length by a blow in the wind and neck at the same time, doubled him together so scientifically, that he fell like a helpless infant. Nine other rounds were fought, in which Dogherty only faced his adversary, to fall without being hit. Belcher threw a somerset at the close of the battle, which lasted 35 minutes, and ran to the Rubbing-house, where he was trained, without stopping to dress himself.

Mr SIMMONDS as JEW MORDECAI.

Sir Cal. Give me leave to tell you now if I was a General &c.

Tamer Lane Act 5

London Printed by & for J. Roach & Co. Crown & Cushion Street, Islington May 1st 1811

DRAMATIC MEMOIRS AND CRITICISMS

OF EMINENT PERFORMERS.

THE LIFE OF MR. SIMMONS, OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

THAT part of the present essay, which is devoted to the biography of Mr. Simmons, must bear but a small proportion to that which is occupied with the analysis of his dramatic powers. It is exceedingly difficult to procure accurate accounts of the early lives of actors: because a taste for the profession of the stage arises chiefly among persons in the humbler walks of life, who having once exalted themselves by their dramatic proficiency, are careful to cast a veil over the progress of their first years, lest they should unfortunately be convicted of narrow circumstances, low descent, or inelegant education.

Perhaps among our readers there may be some, who, not mixing in theatrical circles, may feel some degree of surprise, that in a profession where education appears to be peculiarly necessary, the generality even of the most eminent artists are persons absolutely uneducated. We shall answer in the first place that though the profession of the stage requires an elegant education, yet an elegant education is requisite only for the higher provinces of that profession, and an actor may be an excellent representative of low-comedy parts, without having any advantages beyond the whimsical genius with which nature may have furnished him. This genius of low comedy is usually the genius of mere observation: it observes what is droll and eccentric in nature, and embodies this drollery and eccentricity according to those principles of stage effect which it has observed in its practice. This kind of mental exercise then does not appear to be of a nature peculiarly seductive to liberally-educated men: and as the higher branches of the profession seldom boast more than two or three actors at a time, while low comedy, and all those styles of middle character (which require no genius at all, but mere strength of memory and decorum of manner) abound with actors of all sizes, shapes, ages, and merits, it happens that the task of biographical investigation must lead us much oftener into dark corners than into straight roads, and we must be content to place ourselves and our readers upon short allowance. Besides, to persons not eligibly situated in life, the stage is an ennobling profession: but by the prejudice of the world, a man of good family is thought to degrade himself by becoming an actor. And this prejudice probably arises from a confusion in the public mind: the representatives of *Hamlet* and of *Bernardo* are equally called actors: and he whose power of adding a charm to poetry itself would entitle him to take place with the leaders of the other liberal arts, is considered as a person without a rank in society, merely because the player that carries his train may happen to be a frequenter of pot-houses. In spite of all these discouragements, there are two or three men of education on the stage; but they are only exceptions to a general rule, and however unwillingly, we are compelled to acknowledge, that actors are in general men of humble origin, and of poor education.

Of Mr. Simmons's family we have been able to learn nothing more than that his parents were respectable people, and resided in London. The subject of this memoir displayed, at a very early age, a strong propensity for the theatrical profession: and the late Mr. Bannister recommended him at the Haymarket Theatre, to perform the parts of children. He made his first appearance as the *Duke of York* in Shakspeare's tragedy of *King Richard the Third*, for the benefit of Mr. Gardiner, who at that time laboured under pecuniary embarrassments. He played this part, it seems, as well as a child could be expected to play, and gave so much satisfaction to the spectators, that the managers of Covent Garden Theatre at the intercession of Mr. Bannister, were induced to engage the little actor for the representation of such parts as the *Boy* in *The Contrivances*, the *Page* in *The Orphan*, and other characters of children. In this Theatre he gradually rose to the situation that he now holds: and the first part that drew the attention of good critics to the acting of Mr. Simmons, appears to have been that of *Simple*, *Master Slender's* servant, in Shakspeare's comedy of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. He has sometimes acted at Windsor and Liverpool: and he has it in his power to

boast that into the theatre of the latter town he drew the largest audience which it had ever contained. In his person he is unusually diminutive, but straight and well proportioned; and the lowness of his stature has not prevented him from being accepted as a votary in the Temple of Hymen. Of Mrs. Simmons we have obtained no particulars: nor indeed are such particulars necessary in this place.

The portrait which is prefixed to these memoirs, represents Mr. Simmons as the *Jew Mordicai*, in Macklin's farce of *Love-à-la-Mode*.—Of this farce then, and the performance of Mr. Simmons and his coadjutors in its representation, we proceed to give our readers some account; the principal characters are thus cast at Govent Garden:

Sir Theodore Goodchild.....Mr. Davenport.
Sir Archy Macsarcasm.....Mr. Cooke.
Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan..Mr. Waddy.
Squire Groom.....Mr. Lewis.
Mr. Mordecai.....Mr. Simmons.
Miss Charlotte.....Mrs. St. Leger.

Mordecai, *Squire Groom*, *Sir Archy Macsarcasm*, and *Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan*, are all suitors to *Charlotte*, who is the ward of *Sir Theodore Goodchild*, and the heiress of a large fortune. Their characters she herself describes to her guardian nearly in these words:

The first is a beau Jew, who in spite of nature and education, sets up for a wit, a gentleman, and a man of taste. The next is a downright, English, Newmarket, stable-bred, gentleman-jockey, who having ruined his finances by dogs, grooms, cocks, and horses, now thinks to retrieve his affairs by a matrimonial alliance with a city fortune. To this Newmarket wight succeeds a proud, haughty, Caledonian Knight, whose tongue, like the dart of death, sparing neither sex nor age, leaves none unvisited. His passion is ridicule, and even the object of his flame cannot escape his attacks: for while his covetousness courts her fortune, his pride despises and sneers at her birth. The last in Cupid's train is *Sir Theodore's* nephew, a wild, Irish-Prussian, hard-headed soldier, with an infinite fondness for the military profession.

In the first scene *Charlotte* lays a plot with her guardian for ascertaining the real objects of her suitors, whom she suspects to be so much more desirous of her fortune than of her person. *Mordecai* is announced. He begins humming an Italian air, making love to the lady, and abusing *Sir Archy*. *Sir Archy* enters, and the Jew runs up to embrace him. *Sir Archy* launches some satirical compliments upon his dress, and both join in laughing at *Sir Callaghan*. *Mordecai* goes out, *Sir Archy* attacks the characters of all the suitors, and talks conceitedly of his own family. *Mordecai* returns, followed by *Sir Callaghan*. The Jew, at the instigation of *Sir Archy*, attempts to make *Sir Callaghan* the laughing stock of the company, but meets with some smart rebuffs, and presently hands *Charlotte* down stairs. *Sir Callaghan* now, in the simplicity of his heart, communicates to *Sir Archy* the letter by which he intends to ask *Charlotte* in marriage of *Sir Theodore Goodchild*, and among his other claims he mentions the antiquity of his family; this gives rise to a dispute between him and *Sir Archy*, as to the comparative antiquity of Scotch and Irish families. *Sir Archy* insists that *Sir Callaghan* shall fight: but their encounter is interrupted by the entrance of *Charlotte*, who reconciles the combatants. They all go down to dinner and the first act ends.

In the second act *Sir Archy* having just left the dinner-table, announces to *Charlotte* the arrival of *Squire Groom*: and *Mordecai* entering, declares that the *Squire* and *Sir Callaghan* are challenging each other in pint, quart, and three pint bumpers. *Groom* then enters drunk, and makes love in the phrascology of the turf: and *Sir Archy* proposes to fetch *Sir Callaghan* to woo *Charlotte*, for the amusement of the rest of the company, who are to remain behind a screen. *Sir Callaghan* arrives, and fairly declares his passion. A report is now spread that *Sir Theodore* is a bankrupt, and that the greatest part of *Charlotte's* fortune having been embarked in his business, has perished in her guardian's calamity. *Sir Archy* rejects her under pretence of applications from his family, forbidding the union. The Jew rejects her, because he wants time to deliberate, and because his affairs are not in a matrimonial situation. *Squire Groom* rejects her, because, says he, "I always make my match according to "the weight my thing can carry." *Sir Callaghan* declares that his love for her has been sincere, and that having fortune enough to maintain her, he is still at her command.—*Charlotte* accepts him, and *Sir Theodore* explains, that the story of the bankruptcy has been only a fiction invented for the trial of the suitors' sincerity. The Jew, the Squire, and the Scotchman, express their mortification, and the piece concludes.

This is certainly a Farce of a very peculiar

construction. The word Farce, in its common acceptation, conveys the idea of a train of broadly comic events occurring to certain characters, and containing one plot. The incidents, if they be ludicrous need not be probable; it is enough that they be not unseasonable; the situations, if they raise a laugh, need not be natural, it is sufficient that they be possible: the characters, if they be ridiculous, may be caricature: and the plot is not necessarily progressive. In this piece we find none of the characteristics of Farce, thus defined. Incidents there are none, except the fight between *Sir Archy* and *Sir Callaghan*, which certainly is not a farcical incident. Situations there are none, either interesting or diverting, even in attempt. Characters there are, but they are all the legitimate characters of comedy, except where national peculiarity is superadded to individual character, and in all such superadditions the author, as we shall presently endeavour to prove, has been extremely injudicious. The plot is not worthy of the name of a plot: for it is totally without developement, and is in fact nothing more than a single experiment, never counteracted by circumstances, never rendered doubtful by character. If then this piece were properly denominated, it would be called a *Proverbe* in two acts: for its want of plot must withhold it from obtaining the title of legitimate comedy. But whatever be its proper appellation, it is a piece that deserves to be highly commended for its strength of contrast in character: and from its great variety of good acting parts, is sure to be always a favourite both in the green-room and before the curtain.

But the national peculiarities are placed by the author in a very incorrect point of view. To extol one nation at the expence of another is a task unworthy of an able dramatist: and to make invidious comparisons between Ireland and Scotland is a work unworthy of an Englishman. When we reflect that Macklin was an Irishman, we can make every allowance for his eagerness to set the Irish in a favourable light; but we cannot help feeling a degree of disgust when we observe that in each of the only two pieces that are acted, indeed the only two that are printed, namely, *Love-à-la-Mode*, and the comedy of *The Man of the World*, Mr. Macklin has made the principal character a Scotchman, and such a Scotchman as must be odious alike to the cultivated understanding that reflects, and to the unassisted mind that only feels: odious to noble intellects from his general illiberality, and odious to the vulgar from his individual acts of meanness. This is not a *fit* character of the Scotch nation to be set before an English audience; certainly it is not a *true* character. It has been a good deal the fashion, because two or three men of genius had a prejudice against Scotland, to undervalue the whole race of its inhabitants: and every pretender who can imitate Dr. Johnson in nothing else, is a Johnson at least in animosity to the Scotch. We, as Englishmen, think it our duty to protest against such a custom; it is more disgraceful to ourselves than to the objects of our satire. We are nearly connected with a people who are brave to a proverb, moral, learned, prudent, ingenious, persevering: and yet against a nation of gallant and sensible men, of virtuous and beautiful women, we are constantly carrying on a literary spite: we are denying their merits and exaggerating their defects: we are exposing them by farces in the theatres of our metropolis, and holding them up to the ridicule of the gay, and the enmity of the inconsiderate. Macklin in this farce has fixed upon *Sir Archy* every disagreeable quality, except cowardice: he has made *Sir Callaghan* on the other hand almost a perfect character. To be sure, *Sir Callaghan* commits a few bulls: but this little sacrifice the author was obliged to make for the effect of his piece. We have no objection to see an Irishman disinterested, generous, unsuspecting, and brave; but we must needs exclaim against the author's partiality, when in the quarrel his Scotchman provokes hostility with an eagerness not necessary to honour, and his Irishman manifests himself not only courageous, but peaceable. We know that the national characters of Scotland and Ireland are here unfairly reversed. The Scotch are cool with all their determination: the Irish impetuous and hasty to a fault.

The testimonies of all professional men, and of all the finest critics, have concurred to place the *Sir Archy Macsarcasm* of Mr. Cooke among the most admirable efforts of the Dramatic art.

Mr. Lewis's *Squire Groom* is also an admirable performance; and his manner of managing this very difficult character shews the mind of an artist long accustomed to his profession, and thoroughly acquainted with all its niceties. For the character of *Squire Groom* has been so very highly coloured by the author, that if an actor in representing it were to take that licence which is usually allowed, and even expected on the stage, and heighten the character by bringing its foregrounds still forwarder upon the eye, he would certainly disgust instead of amuse,

Folly and brutality are equally the subjects of dramatic ridicule: but as brutality, when carried to a great extent, shocks our feelings by degrading human nature, while folly, at worst, excites only our contempt for the weakness of an individual, an actor who knows the springs by which the admiration of the judicious may be moved, will be exceedingly cautious how he treats a character of such a description as *Squire Groom*. Accordingly, where a less skilful comedian would be coarse, Mr. Lewis is only eccentric; and instead of offending the eye by the horrid accuracy of his delineation, he entertains the mind by the unexpected whimsicality of his sketch. If the praise of genius be due to an actor who, by his creative powers, can produce effects where the author has imagined none, and, with a fairy power, bid vegetation rise in sudden bloom amid the desert, surely a double honour is due to him, who has not only a genius capable of originating beauties, but a judgment sufficient to neutralize defects.

The *Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan* of Mr. Waddy, is a performance altogether as bad as the two last-mentioned representations are excellent. *Sir Callaghan* should be lively, gallant, and striking in his air, manner, and person—but Mr. Waddy is flat, lumpish, and uninteresting, in every one of these particulars. We have seen Mr. Waddy act very well some such parts as *Humphrey Dobbins*, in Mr. Colman's comedy of *The Poor Gentleman*; but the Managers should really reflect that an Irish Officer is not to be played like a rustic servant.

And lastly we have to speak of Mr. Simmons's *Beau Mordecai*. All the insignificant importance, all the affectation of wit and gaiety, all the pert languish of assumed fashion that mingle in the character of this little Jew, are in a most finished manner conveyed by Mr. Simmons. The smallness of his person considerably assists the effect of his style, and nature and art have both concurred in rendering his representation as complete in its way as any piece of acting that our stage can at present boast.

There are three sorts of character which Mr. Simmons performs; but as no one of his classes contain many individual parts, and as few of the modern authors have given to Mr. Simmons any new and eccentric subject peculiarly suited to his powers, he stands, not as a great actor in the first rank of comedians, but as a finished actor in a secondary sphere. The representations in which he displays his talent to greatest advantage, are the representation of mere simplicity, as in the *Master Matthew*, of Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, and in the *Simple* of Shakspeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*: the representation of a forward coxcombry still accompanied with silliness, as in the *Mordecai* of the farce we have here analysed, and in the oratorical plebeian of Shakspeare's *Coriolanus*: and lastly, the representation of a ridiculous fretfulness, as in the *Fainwould* of Mr. Kenney's farce of *Raising the Wind*, and in the more respectable character of *Jonathan Oldskirt*, in Mr. Colman's comedy of *Who Wants a Guinea?* Now every body sees that in so narrow a circle, little variety of parts can be found: for downright simpletons and fretful fellows are not of very common occurrence upon the stage. A coxcomb, indeed, is frequently seen, but not that remarkably insignificant kind of coxcomb whom it is Mr. Simmons's excellence to personate. His smallness of figure makes him unfit for the performance of the coxcombs in general, and disqualifies him for the performance even of some of the simpletons. Besides, there are many of these parts which require a rich, mellow, sustained style of colouring, and such a style Mr. Simmons does not seem to possess: his manner is quaint, curious, dry, pointed, caustic, any thing but rich.

If Mr. Simmons, then, be not a great actor, nor an actor of general utility, he is certainly an actor of very considerable merit: and may be said to hold the same sort of rank with respect to the actors of the higher drama, that a curiously painted miniature portrait occupies with relation to a historical picture.